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The Week

MUCH with the air of a burglar calling to his confederate that he has blown open the safe, the German Government announces that it has "acquired a direct free route via Russia to Persia and Afghanistan." This may be partly bluff. The hope may be to frighten England into peace by the implied threat that she will lose India if she does not hasten to make terms with the Kaiser. But the main spirit and intent of the announcement are unmistakable. Bagdad may be lost and the Mesopotamian route to the East closed to Germany, but the Russian smash-up opens an alternative road for the drive to the Orient. It is clear, however, that the boastful tone of the official advertisement makes it the more probable that if the Germans push to the Far East they will find the Chinese and Japanese facing them there in arms. As Mr. Asquith has said, the German Government could hardly have given plainer notice of its aim at world-domination. If the world does not meet the mad challenge with every resource that it possesses, it will deserve to have the Kaiser's heel on its neck, and even be compelled to listen to him meekly while he extols God as the trusty "pal" of his robberies.

GERMANY is not so busy vindicating the rights of oppressed nationalities in Russia but that she can spare some time and effort for a similar high mission in Belgium. When the Kaiser's heart is not bleeding for the Lithuanians and the Esthonians, it sheds a few drops for the unhappy Flemings, who have so long lived under the heel of their Walloon countrymen without knowing it. To the credit of the ingenuity of the Germans let it be said that long before Trotzky presented them with the formula of self-determination, they had hit upon a very similar device which they set in motion by establishing a Flemish university in Liège and a Polish university in Warsaw. No doubt, at a pinch, a campus and faculty could be secured for a Lombard university in Milan to vindicate the rights to self-culture of the descendants of the Longobardi, A. D. 568. Against this attempt to stir up hatreds between two races who have lived in amity since their union in one state and whose differences have been only the healthy differences of sentiment found in every nation, that great and courageous soul, Cardinal Mercier, has directed his protest in the form of a pastoral letter to his clergy. Priests of the Flemish tongue have denounced to the Cardinal the evil schemes of the conquerors. They assert that the people of Belgium think of themselves as one people. But the Germans know better: they have an extraordinary gift for detecting racial boundary lines, especially when these happen to coincide with desirable coast lines and coal and iron deposits.

JOHN REDMOND'S death comes as a kind of accentuation of the Irish tragedy. As head of the Nationalist party, he had seen his authority undermined and his prestige lessened, so that he was visibly in a losing fight. Family afflictions no doubt added much to his sense of dejection and defeat. He will be remembered as an able Parliamentary leader, who took up the thankless task of trying to weld together a party torn asunder by the quarrels over Parnell. His hold upon his followers was gradually strengthened, and he became the acknowledged representative of a majority of the Irish people. But the war and Sinn Fein played havoc with his plans. He displayed both courage and statesmanship in pledging the English Government support in the war against Germany, but on that subject was unable to unite Irish sentiment. The question who will take up his work is of less importance than it would be were it not that the Irish Convention must soon make a report that will either make or break Home Rule in Ireland.

THE passage of the War Finance bill in the Senate by a vote of 74 to 3, after most vigorous objections to it in the debate, might puzzle a stranger to our institutions. But the explanation is simple. The determined opposition to the bill resulted in changes in it sufficient to mollify the recalcitrants. Moreover, they were aware that in essentials it would be passed, and most of them must have been convinced of the desirability of some measure of the sort. When, therefore, they had called it all the names they could think of and had had the satisfaction of rewriting bits of it, they were ready to vote for it with the utmost cheerfulness. The result, taken with the agreement of the conferrees on the Railroad bill, is another triumph for the President. The Senate conferrees gave to the Interstate Commerce Commission power to review rates as fixed by the President, but this is only a minor point. Wilson asked for two new and immense powers, and got them. But what of the blocked Overman bill? Possibly it has accomplished its main purpose in strangling the bills for a Minister of Munitions and a super-Cabinet.

PRESIDENT WILSON, without prejudging the general question of universal military training, has given to Chairman Dent, of the House Military Affairs Committee, two convincing reasons why no such legislation should be enacted at the present time, as is being urged by the National Security League and other similar organizations. He points out, first, that all available officers are now vitally needed for instruction in the new draft army. In the second place, as regards such training in the period after the war, he indicates that it is unnecessary and unwise to determine our after-war policy until we know what sort of peace we are to get. We are fighting to destroy militarism and to make large armies unnecessary. For us now to enact legislation providing for a huge army after the war would be to assume that we are to be defeated in the present contest. If we accomplish our war aims, then universal military training becomes unnecessary; if we fail, then we shall be able to shape our policy far more intelligently in view of the knowledge of actual conditions that we shall possess when the peace treaties are signed. Moreover, we shall have plenty of time to act deliberately and thoughtfully; for none of the exhausted nations of Europe could possibly launch against us the overnight offensive with which our militarists have so often terrified us. And we imagine that outside a few

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newspaper offices the imminent fear of Japan looms less menacing than in the days before we were actually at war. We are profoundly grateful to the President for putting a quietus on the attempt under stress of war excitement to saddle on the United States a military system whose very enactment at this time might be a hindrance in the way of our securing the sort of peace for which all men pray.

AS amended in the Senate, the War Finance Corporation bill abandons the plan for compulsory regulation or restriction of new security issues for "non-essential" purposes, and returns to the Treasury's original plan of "voluntary licensing." That is to say, the so-called Capital Issues Committee would examine all proposals for such securities and recommend for or against their issue. This is in fact the plan adopted in 1915 by England, where it has thus far accomplished all the purposes which the Government had in mind—largely through the coöperation of the Stock Exchange, which agreed not to trade in any new securities except such as should be approved as "essential" by the Committee. Stock exchanges in the United States had taken similar action, even before the plan for voluntary restriction had been replaced by the compulsory plan of supervision.

WHETHER the voluntary plan would in all respects work as well in the United States as in England may for some reasons be doubted. Mr. Warburg, of the Federal Reserve Board (in the hands of which body such supervision was placed two months ago) expressed to the Senate Committee his belief that on important issues "we will have no difficulty in securing the fullest coöperation of all." But he added, citing for instance the oil company enterprises, that "we should have the power, if necessary, in case we cannot get the coöperation." The House, meantime, has proceeded more favorably to the general plan of the Administration bill. The differences will probably be settled in conference committee.

THE changes thus far made in the bill, as reported by the Committee to the House, are for the most part rather in the nature of clarifying amendments than of radical alterations. Thus the Federal Reserve banks are not to rediscount paper secured by bonds of the Corporation except at an interest rate 1 per cent. above the rate prevailing for commercial paper of a similar maturity, and, furthermore, paper thus secured is not to be rediscounted at all until the private bank presenting it for rediscount has shown "that it does not have in its possession for the purpose . . . sufficient commercial paper eligible for discount or rediscount." These amendments clearly have in mind the restriction of use of the War Corporation's lending power to cases in which assistance would otherwise be unobtainable.

THE Capital Issues Committee, which is to pass in an advisory way on proposals for new security issues, is now proposed to be made up of Presidential appointees instead of being in the hands of the Federal Reserve Board. That Board, which is already a busy organization, will possibly not regret the change. As for the reduction from $4,000,000,000 to $2,000,000,000 in the limit on authorized bond issues of the Corporation, rediscountable at Federal Reserve banks, that alteration is not of great importance. It would make the general proposal less alarming in its possibilities to many minds. If the smaller sum should turn out to represent all or most of the credit that was needed, so much the better. If experience should prove that the $2,000,000,000 limit was going to be too low, the law would doubtless be amended in the light of such experience.

MR. HOOVER'S success in persuading restaurant and hotel proprietors to observe his food regulations proves again his peculiar ability to accumulate popular good will behind his policies. In everything he has done he has had an amazing response from the American people. With comparatively little power, he has understood how to make use of public opinion. His grip on public opinion seems based on two things—firstly, a willingness to go slow and not force extreme measures before the country is ready for them, and, secondly, on actual accomplishments. The sugar crisis was met and overcome with reasonable promptitude; flour has been reduced several dollars a barrel, and, consequently, the pound loaf has dropped a cent in price. Only one objection to Mr. Hoover's methods might be advanced. He fails to give his achievements the advertisement they should have. The reduction in the price of bread received practically no notice throughout the country. Yet later on, if unavoidable circumstances should make a return to the old cost necessary, the masses should not have to be reminded that they owe Mr. Hoover thanks for keeping down the price so long.

NOTHING proves more conspicuously how immigration has dropped almost to the vanishing point than the practical shutdown, just announced, of Ellis Island as an immigrant station. From more than a million a year, our foreign influx has been dropping below the hundred-thousand mark, and will probably go to nearly nothing soon. Many active and efficient philanthropic societies, which among other things did excellent service in helping the immigrant, on arrival, to his proper destination, in solving his difficulties with the authorities, in protecting unaccompanied women, have now been liberated from the burden of these activities. If such societies now transform themselves promptly into agencies for the study and help of the foreign-born population, and take up what is ordinarily miscalled Americanization work, then the country may benefit greatly by a three years' drying up of immigration. We shall, by the aid of their experience in handling newcomers, if the Government and various communities coöperate, go a long way on the road towards assimilating the millions that flooded us in the previous decade.

THE elections of last week in New York city remove the anomaly of a House with a slight Republican plurality and a Democratic Speaker. Viewed in a non-partisan way, this is a highly desirable outcome, even if it be granted that the Republicans could hardly have attempted a reorganization if they had won. Their real disappointment will centre about the Twenty-first District, which was supposed to be gerrymandered in their favor. Was there a miscalculation in drawing its boundaries, or did some Republicans express their approval of the President's war policy by voting for the Democratic candidate? The Socialists came out second in the Twenty-second District, owing to the fact that the First Assembly District in The Bronx did for the Socialist candidate for Congress what it did for Hillquit. It cast twice as many votes for the Socialist as for the Republican,

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and twice as many for the Democrat as for the Socialist. Yet the Socialist vote was more than cut in two, following the custom of the other parties in bye-elections. The statement that 90 per cent. of the women registered voted, while only 33 per cent. of the men did so, must be qualified by the explanation that the women had registered for this election, and the men for the last Presidential contest.

ODD and varied are the accomplishments a man must possess to be head, or even a member, of the new Farms and Markets Council in New York. The Governor last week sent in his nominations. He named a labor leader, a woman professor of household arts, a commission merchant, the dean of an agricultural college, a dairyman, and a fruit grower. The Senate, however, spent a whole day wrangling over one nominee of its own, a prominent truck farmer of New York city. This gentleman had been proposed as head of the Council by a metropolitan Senator deeply interested in culture of the ailanthus tree native to our town's backyards. "The gentleman I propose," said he, or words to that effect, "is one of the largest real-estate men in New York city. Moreover, he is a cousin of one of our greatest leaders." Surely, anybody who has intensively cultivated urban or even suburban lots, and relatives, is in a position to help the farmers increase their acreage yield.

THE case of Thomas J. Mooney, convicted in San Francisco almost two years ago of murder, calls for the exercise of executive clemency, or possibly special legislation permitting him a new trial. He was adjudged guilty upon what has since been discovered to be tainted evidence. On the same charge, setting off a bomb which killed several people, his wife was subsequently acquitted; the trial judge, the District Attorney, and a Federal Commission have all expressed their belief that perjured testimony brought about Mooney's conviction. And now when everybody admits that a great wrong has been done, the Supreme Court of California, on appeal, decides that, in spite of the admitted facts, its hands are tied by the *res adjudicata*. Should this decision, no doubt technically correct, be allowed to stand, not only would Mooney fall victim to an outrageous miscarriage of justice, but the great mass of the people throughout the country would feel that our judicial system had suffered a serious breakdown.

UNDER the caption, "More Mania in Los Angeles," a correspondent sends us a clipping from the *Times* of that city stating that the Board of Education has unanimously condemned the debating of peace in the Los Angeles schools. A group of seven high schools, each represented by an affirmative and a negative team, on March 1 debated the subject: "Resolved, that the nations of the world should adopt the programme of the League to Enforce Peace." This so incensed the members of the School Board that they passed the resolution above mentioned and gave the Superintendent of Schools power to suppress peace discussion. The member who introduced the matter is quoted as saying: "The city won't allow the pacifists to talk about peace in public halls, so why should we let the school children discuss peace in public debates? It must be stopped at once." Cannot the members of the Los Angeles School Board see the difference between opposing the Government in prosecuting the war on the one hand, and on the other supporting the President in his efforts to wage war effectively by making clear to our own people and the people of all the world the conditions on which peace must rest when the war finally comes to an end? Do they not understand the difference between merely fighting and making war? Fortunately we have a President who does.

A RUMOR that the British Government intends to prohibit the publication of books during the remainder of the war has occasioned some excitement in London literary circles, and has led to rather caustic comment by the *New Statesman*. That organ declares that the record of the present Government "on the whole is that of men who regard Horatio Bottomley as a greater national asset than Robert Bridges." It must be confessed that there is ground for such criticism of a Government that could seriously consider locating war offices in the British Museum; yet we cannot believe that even the stress of the present emergency could lead it to action of such philistine character as that now rumored. What is wanted, of course, is an omniscient censorship that will automatically separate the masterpieces from the best sellers, sending the former to the presses and the latter to the rubbish heap. As we consider in total the achievements of the censorship in all countries during the war, we are led to wonder whether a sort of super-censorship might not be evolved through coöperative activity, a super-censorship that, like the Irishman's gun, should "hit it if it is a deer and miss it if it is a cow." At any rate, we recommend to the Government of our British cousins the consideration of some such device rather than the suppression of all book publishing while the war lasts.

THE Carolina parrokeet, the great auk, and, outside Martha's Vineyard, the heath hen have gone the way of the passenger pigeon. The members of the Game Protective Association have good reason for fear that birds like the sage grouse and woodcock will follow them, and birds like the quail and prairie chicken become rare curiosities. The State laws are uneven and often inadequate and too poorly enforced. Every city and town has its swarm of "sportsmen" who seize upon every spare day in the open season to scour the country by motor and load their bags to the legal limit. The Federal Government can take one more great step for game protection—the establishment of numerous game "sanctuaries" on public or privately owned lands; but the chief burden must fall upon the States. There has long been an agitation for the shortening of open seasons.

BEFORE the first bloodroot has ventured out at the side of some fatherly rock, or the grape-hyacinth dons its lapis-lazuli beads, right in the face of a late snow, city and country awake to a March craving for flowers. The city dweller, who does not understand the uses of a violet as a fightin'-cock and imagines that tulip trees are shrubbery of the tropics, speaks glibly of hunting for mayflowers (which are alike in no two counties) when he was a boy. He finds himself stopping before the flower-shop windows to gaze and be glad. He is frankly intrigued by a white lilac bush tied with azure bows, and he sees no irony in confining heather to tiny pots and hanging it with ribbons. All lands have lent that wealth of bloom and living color to the florist's window, and one marvels at the final harmony. No wonder that the city person, emerging from the subway, pauses to adore. How should he know that in the swamps magenta and canary lady's-slippers are almost ready?

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The Weapons of War

EVERY new German success brings a fresh denunciation of all other than military efforts to bring the present struggle to a righteous conclusion. Our "bitter enders" are two years behind the thinking men of Europe. The thoughtful leaders of the Allied countries, the men who desire, even as we desire, a clean peace, a democratic peace, a righteous peace, ceased long since to utter the wild words of overwhelming victory wherewith our whirling dervishes would forever prolong the dance of death. Intelligent men in Europe urge no slackening of military effort, but the uttermost use, *in addition*, of all those other weapons that lie ready to the hand of the United States and its associates in the titanic conflict. The imperialists in the Allied countries, as in Germany, want nothing but military triumph, for their aims are to be attained only by armed might; but the democrats desire a victory not to be secured even by that march to Berlin which long ago disappeared from the calculations of all informed men. They recognize that real peace, if ever it comes, must come from the meeting of minds in the acceptance of certain simple principles of international relationship, and their infinitely complex application in the tangled circumstances of actual life. Because he recognizes this truth, President Wilson has tried to make clear what we take to be those principles, and what, so far as is now possible to indicate, seem to us their applications.

Let us soberly and honestly consider the present situation. In an editorial on "The Unconquered Submarine" New York's ablest journalistic advocate of the bitter-end policy has within the past week substantially conceded the correctness of the German claim that the U-boats during the past year have sunk 9,000,000 tons of shipping. Without making any such broad concession as this, we must yet admit that the shipping position is serious enough. For three years and a half Germany has held the western battle-front all but immovable, while she has crushed Servia, subjugated Rumania, and conquered Russia. Now, with a victorious shout, she proclaims her way open to India, and the menace of a Mohammedan Central Asia open to German propaganda is not to be lightly viewed. We preach no gospel of "defeatism," but we must be honest. Germany is off the seas, save for her submarine pests, and she has lost her colonies; but in her central stronghold, where her military might can be made effective, she thus far more than holds her own, and now, with Russian land and resources thrown open to German organization, there is little reason to comfort ourselves longer with the assurance that time fights on our side in any purely military sense. Probably no man in his wits imagines that the United States, Great Britain, France, and Italy combined could ever be conquered, but at the same time we must face the fact that after three and a half years of war Germany, too, is undefeated, and that her defeat is not yet within sight. Wherein then lies our hope of success?

It lies, in truth, in the ends for which we fight, and in the weapons that they put in our hands. Whatever imperialistic territorial ends may once have animated any of the Allies lie buried in the dead past. They cannot be realized, and they ought not to be realized. We speak not of questions of justice and self-determination, but of designs for self-aggrandizement and imperialistic profit. The Allied people will not fight for such ends; America will not fight for such ends. In all sincerity, we believe that they and we seek not territory, but justice, not profit, but righteousness. Seeking such ends, we must add to our military effort every other measure that can coerce or persuade our foes.

We wield a powerful economic weapon. German shipping is swept from the sea; German trade organization the world over is wrecked; German markets are wiped out of existence; German property is confiscate; German docks and terminals are seized by the Government—and the end is not yet. What would the form of peace avail a debt-ridden Germany in a world of continued economic hostility? It is matter of common report that leaders of opinion in Germany fear the possible economic results of the war far more than they fear the Allied armies. To bring them to a reasonable consideration of the terms of a just peace, why should we not utilize to the full the enormous advantage of our world economic alliance, not to plot economic war after the war, whether we get a clean peace or not, but to offer Germany her choice between a just peace with readmission to the circle of world commerce and an imperialistic peace with exclusion from the world's trade?

The political weapon is scarcely drawn from its scabbard. Indeed, until we entered the war there was no political weapon worth the name. Teutonic and Allied chancelleries played a pitiful game of dicker with the grasping diplomats of Turkey and Bulgaria and Italy and Rumania and Greece, and never dreamed that the sport was anything more than the barter of promises of territory for military support. America—and Bolshevik Russia—gave Entente statesmen a mighty sword, had they but the wisdom and skill to use it. And, thank God, an American statesman has the wisdom. With increasing skill as the months have passed our President has wielded it, in a way that drove terror to the hearts of imperialists everywhere, and that came dangerously near to separating Germany from her chief ally in the last onslaught. It is a two-edged sword, whose keenness increases with every new demonstration of German imperialism and will to domination, and with every fresh proof of American and Allied sincerity in seeking no selfish advantage from the contest. Let the political sword flash keen and bright!

And let us not forget our moral weapon. Does the plundering legalized by the treaties now being signed along the eastern front constitute a settlement of the questions at issue there? Not while there exist such ideals as right and liberty. Does the handing back to the Turk of the hapless Armenians mean that the struggle there is over? Not while men still pronounce the word justice. Every abominable deed done, every unjust treaty signed, but sharpens the sword of righteousness for its final triumph. For men, like their Maker, love justice and hate iniquity; and though the wicked triumph, he shall soon be cut off. This is no time for fear or doubt or hesitation, but for unshakable confidence in the sword of the spirit. It is a time for searching of heart, that we cherish no hope of selfish private or national gain that we would not share with all the world, a time for generous action that shall prove to all men the sincerity of our democratic professions, a time for clarification of our convictions concerning the basis on which peace must be made, and for steadfast, immovable adherence to those convictions, till all the world shall see that on those terms, and those alone, can peace come—not because they are our terms, but because they are the terms that command the assent of right-thinking men everywhere. That is our moral weapon; it is a sword of flaming fire.

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Germany Off the Sea

NEARLY all the recent discussions in England of the present aspects of the war have dealt with land operations alone. Bonar Law has recently spoken of the comparative strength of the armies facing each other. In this he had been preceded by General Maurice. Colonel Repington harps on the same theme. All the talk is of the fresh divisions which Hindenburg can deploy on the western front; of the disposable German reserves; of the questions of transport and food for German soldiers; and of the reconsideration of the Allied military position made necessary by the elimination of Russia as a fighting factor. It is but rarely that we hear voices of quiet confidence speaking of the one military element in which the enemies of Germany are superior, and, in fact, invincible, while she is weak—the one element which may prove decisive of the whole war if it is to be prolonged. We mean, of course, the fact that while Germany is victoriously marching over prostrate Russia on land, she is completely shut off the sea.

Admiral Jellicoe, in an address which he lately made before the Aldwych Club, touched with a firm and sure hand upon the subject of sea power. He said that there was a good deal of confusion in the minds of ordinary folk, and even of military experts and naval writers, about the true meaning of "command of the sea." The popular idea was of supremacy demonstrated in a general action with the enemy's fleet. But that is really incidental, and nothing more. The victory of Nelson at Trafalgar was not truly so clear a demonstration of sea power as was the long blockade by Collingwood that followed. Command of the sea simply means ability to use the sea, and to prevent the enemy from using it. And the outstanding fact—which may easily become the controlling fact—in this great war is that Germany has been deprived of the use of the sea, and, in all human probability, can never recover it so long as hostilities continue.

It was a shrewd bit of advice which Admiral Jellicoe gave his hearers when he urged them to look, not merely at a map, but at a "large map." A large one is needed to include the oceans and the commercial routes from which Germany has been driven. We think mainly of the vital necessity for England and France of the transport of supplies and troops by water. Less often do we reflect upon the immense crippling which the mere exclusion of Germany from the sea has brought upon her. Its immediate effects have been calamitous—precisely as they were predicted in 1913 by Prince Bülow, when warning his countrymen against a war with England. The German High Seas Fleet has become a useless luxury. German overseas commerce has ceased to exist. It cannot be restored to life except on terms prescribed by the Allies. This is the consideration which must be the death's head at the German feast of rejoicing over the subjugation of Russia. Land lies to the east, indeed, but the sea to the west, and over it the smoke from the funnels of English battleships spells out the word for baffled German eyes, "Verboten."

For years the watchword in Germany has been, "Our future lies on the sea." This phrase was made to cover ambitious naval plans—useless, as we now see—but chiefly it means the opportunity for trade across the oceans without which an industrially expanding Germany could not live. And it is that road to the future astride which the Allies stand to-day, blocking and thwarting German hopes. Of what avail to secure more land unless the sea is open? The Russian provinces are coveted because they contain raw materials to be worked up in German factories, with food for German workmen. But if the great markets of the world are cut off from German manufacturers, what advantage will it be to them to have new facilities for piling up goods that cannot be sold? It is, as we have maintained before, this powerful economic weapon, due to command of the sea, which the enemies of Germany can most successfully employ against her. The German diplomats speak of "pawns" which they hold in their hands for trading off at a peace conference. They are veritable pawns compared with the knights which the Allies have on the chess-board. Their control of the sea gives them, so long as the Germans cannot break it, a power which can be used so as to compel Germany in the end to ask for peace. German trade can be openly threatened for a generation to come unless the German Government agrees to such terms of peace as have been laid down by President Wilson. Germany has already a warning of what may happen in the plan of the Administration to take away the Hamburg and North German Lloyd docks in this country. It would be possible to make such after-the-war handicaps to German overseas commerce progressive. The German rulers could be approached on the principle of the Sibylline books. If they agree at once to evacuate and restore Belgium and Northern France, they may hope to have their ships and trade back in a year's time. But every month they delay will add two years to the period of commercial punishment. This is only a hint of what may be done to push the enormous advantage, the unconquerable might, which the nations arrayed against Germany possess in their command of the sea.

Russia at Moscow

UPON the face of the situation last week, it was impossible to assert anything more than a bare hope that the All-Russian Congress of Soviets which is meeting at Moscow this week to pass on the Brest-Litovsk treaty would refuse to ratify an act which spells the dismemberment of Russia and the speedy death of the Revolution. To-day predictions are still dangerous; but unquestionably there are signs that the representatives of the Russian people will not submit without parley to the bitter *fait accompli* presented to them by Lenine. We say Lenine, and not Trotzky, because the resignation by the latter of the Bolshevik Foreign Ministry confirms the existence of a cleft within Bolshevik ranks. It may mean that the dissident Bolsheviki, with the Socialist Revolutionists of the Left who have coöperated with the Bolsheviki, will now join all the other Socialist parties of the Opposition—the moderate Socialist Revolutionists and the Social-Democrats of the Menshevik type, as well as the non-Socialist elements which have been from the first opposed to a treaty of humiliation with Germany. Especially significant are the views attributed to Trotzky in a *Morning Post* dispatch as the reason for his resignation —his conviction that the peace at Brest-Litovsk was a fatal one for Russia and his consequent demand that the war shall be resumed.

With great events thus on the razor's edge in Russia, there is made more than ever apparent the recklessness of clamoring indiscriminately for a "free hand" for Japan in Siberia.

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Whether we trust or distrust Japan is of absolutely no consequence. The question is whether Russia trusts Japan—that saving remnant of Russian sanity and national feeling which is now giving signs of asserting itself against the policy of fanaticism and ruin. One would think that after the bitter lesson of last September and Kornilov, after the complete demonstration of what Allied mistakes did to ruin Kerensky and bring Lenine into power, there would be hesitation to hail another "saviour" of Russia. Bourbonism believes that Russia can be saved by cursing Lenine, by showing that Trotzky took German money, and by setting in motion a Japanese army from Vladivostok to drive the Germans out of Odessa!

Fortunately for Russia and for the best interests of the Allies, Mr. Wilson has shown from the first appearance of the Japanese problem that he understands and feels rightly about it. Unlike some of our journalists, he recognizes that Russia is not to be saved for herself and the Allies by cursing the Bolsheviki or conducting a phantom strategy all the way across Siberian and European Russia. He recognizes that Russia cannot be saved against her own will. He is aware that the problem for us is to allow the submerged but potential elements in Russian life to assert themselves, and that the only way to do it is to remove from the minds of the Russian people the fear of internal reaction and of foreign aggression. The men and women in Russia who have always felt that the only safety for the Revolution lies in the fellowship of the democratic nations of the west, and that Russia must continue the struggle against Germanism even if it is only a moral opposition, a refusal to recognize the right of conquest, may assert themselves at Moscow this week or may prove still too weak against the remnants of Bolshevik authority. But whether this week or next week or next month, Tchernov and Breshkovskaya and Tseretelli and Tscheidze and Skobelev and Savinkov—and now it would seem Trotzky, too—are prepared to act, if only the way is made easier for them by the Allies. We can help them by uttering our faith in Russia and by giving a pledge not to end the war till her freedom has been vindicated. We can destroy them by setting foreign armies in motion without a call from Russia itself.

Mr. Wilson's attitude towards Russia has thus been essentially the same as our attitude towards the Allies. To the latter, America has said, Tell us what you need, and we will give as readily as we can. So to Russia, in her present distress, we say, Tell us what America can do to help you to freedom against your German masters of "order," and we will act. If the leaders of a holy war against the Kaiser ask for the aid of a Japanese army, the problem becomes utterly changed. It is changed morally because we coöperate with the Russian democracy instead of threatening it. It is changed in a military sense, because long before a Japanese army arrives beyond the Urals it will have stimulated Russian armies into being. Above all, we must recognize that to serve Russia we must keep free from panic, precisely as in serving the Allies. Flinging a Japanese army into Russia "just like that" is on a par with the Roosevelt army with which we were going to win the war in a few weeks last year. The regeneration of Russia will be a slow process. A holy war may mean the occupation of Moscow, the retreat of Russia's revolutionary Government into Asia. Nevertheless, the golden dream of drunken Junkerism will vanish the first moment that it is challenged by the Russian Revolution determined on a fight to the end.

The New "National" Party

OUR political history since 1875 is strewn with "National" parties, and that just born at Chicago has more points of identity with its predecessors than the name. Representing the union of a Socialist rump, a Prohibition rump, and elements of the old Progressive party and new Non-Partisan League, it reminds us that its most ambitious predecessor was also a coalition body. On February 22, 1878, a Toledo convention effected a union of the Labor Reform and Greenback parties upon a declaration that might now be repeated in Chicago. The existing minor parties, "more or less effective, have been unable hitherto to make a formidable opposition to the old party organizations," it was stated. The new organization, it was declared, "shall be known as the National party, and under this name we will effect, without delay, national, State, and local associations." The public dubbed it the Greenback Labor party, and this is the name associated with Weaver's vote in 1880.

The essential feature of the new National party is its apparent desire to combine a half-dozen elements of political protest upon one rather heterogeneous platform. This is nothing new. Have we forgotten James Buchanan, "the 300-pound political Moses" of the Greenbackers, and his prescription for minor party success? As he puts it in his "Story of a Labor Agitator":

> The writer has sat in two different national conventions called for that purpose [union], and he has participated in the failures. . . . Men representing a dozen different shades of opinion have come together, ostensibly to pool their issues and amalgamate the elements. . . . The upshot of the business has been a few truces; the stronger faction has written the platform, while the rest have gone home sore-headed and—the millionaires have continued to run the machine. . . . There must be a union of the following forces: the Union Labor party, United Labor party, Progressive Labor party, American Reform party, the Grange, the Tax Reformers, the Farmers' Alliance, Anti-Monopolists, Homesteaders, and all other political and politico-economic organizations of bread-winners. How is this amalgamation to be brought about? . . . By putting into it [the platform] the one thing that all elements approve; by leaving out everything upon which there is division.

Buchanan asserted that there was just one thing upon which all the minor parties agreed: Government ownership of railways. An attempt at union on this in his day would have brought a chorus of denunciation from some of the very bodies he named, which believed the paramount issue something quite different. When a general merger of a number of minor parties occurred in the nineties, financial measures, and not Government ownership, were in the foreground. The difficulty is that the minor parties can almost never agree upon what issue to place foremost. One way of resolving this difficulty is to put everything into the platform. A little deft shaping, and the most diverse planks lie side by side. But in this process unity is lost.

It is difficult to discover in the National party's unanimously adopted programme a more concrete unity than that covered by such rather vague terms as Social Reform or Radical Progressivism. There is a national prohibition plank, but the Socialists and organized labor, to which other planks appeal, are opposed to national prohibition. There are demands for the ballot for women and negroes, and it remains to be seen how the Southern Progressives who the leaders hope will join them will take the latter. The whole is a demand for "advances" regardless of the fact that the ad-

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vances are in various directions. There is an attempt to take the wind from Non-Partisan League sails by demands for easier farm loans, Government insurance of crops and stock, the abolition of taxes upon farm equipment, and measures to check tenancy and the holding of idle lands as a mere investment. There are labor measures by which the party would check immigration, forbid interstate shipments of articles produced under certain condemned conditions of labor, and bring about more rigorous inspection of working places. The prohibition planks are planned to draw prohibitionists who feel that Congressional passage of the national prohibition amendment puts their party on a new basis. But agrarians, labor men, and prohibitionists have pulled too long in single harness to pull easily together, and there is no outstanding leader to give the party the factitious unity the Progressives had in their day. If the party has an underlying oneness, it is to be found in an unhesitating readiness to use Government power for the betterment of bad economic conditions.

The old view of minor parties was that they did not exist for themselves so much as to call attention of the major parties to political or social evils. Whether the ardent Granger, Greenbacker, Labor Reformer, or Populist saw it or not, their parties had no chance to attain national control. But they did influence the policy of other parties. The dream to-day of a great new general party of radicalism, as opposed to an old party or parties of conservatism, is apparently not likely to be realized—and yet strange things are happening in these days.

Reshaping the Port

WE speak of a war "emergency" affecting the port of New York. But it is one of indefinite duration. The length of the war is uncertain, and the size to which our army and supply bases in France will grow is indefinite. The reconstruction of Europe after the war must maintain much the present swollen outflow of materials through New York. The State is completing a barge canal upon which it relies to divert to this port a large part of the Northwestern commerce which would otherwise go to Boston or down the St. Lawrence. The nation is building a great mercantile marine, and partly through this hopes to enlarge its share in the world's commerce after the war. There has naturally been born from our appreciation of the probable continuance of the high pressure upon the port a revival of interest in its reorganization. A multiplicity of plans are being broached, affecting New Jersey, Brooklyn, Staten Island, bringing the West Side controversy again to light, and giving new scope to the planners of tunnels and bridges, and agitators for a deep Hell Gate. And the conviction that we must be alert to plans for permanent improvement is sound.

Plans for the immediate future must be kept distinct. The Port War Board has wrought a revolution in administrative steps. The present terminals, Mr. Bush said in December, "though susceptible of great improvement, are capable of bearing their share of the burden"; but "they must be used as terminals, not as storage yards." The authorities have already stopped the terminal storage of freight for which no cargo space has been engaged. The once wasteful lighterage system of the railways has been reorganized efficiently. One organization now controls the seven railway terminals of New Jersey; and the planning of priority orders, and the classification of freight before its reception at the waterfront, are constantly being improved. The port of New York has always lagged behind other ports in its administration of storage facilities, harbor equipment, and ship movements, and the mere recognition of what has been the accepted practice elsewhere, according to one port expert, has been "a revelation of efficiency." The Government, commandeering the great terminal properties at South Brooklyn, has established a central concentrated war base there. The car-float service between New Jersey and Long Island can be enlarged, and a connected system of belt-line railways and classification yards developed in New Jersey. It must be remembered that when Professor Clapp made a report upon the harbor of Boston he declared in general favor of development of such a car-float system as that of New York as against the construction of a belt-line railroad. We can make of our lighterage system a water belt-line.

But the question remains of the eventual plan. Many voices are raised for a comprehensive extension of the railways to the New York shore. Mr. Calvin Tomkins, who as a New Yorker is alarmed "lest the railways deflect manufacturing and commerce to the New Jersey side of the port, where their continental terminals are located, to save the expense of lighterage," believes in this. "The rails should be extended under the Hudson and across Manhattan to Brooklyn, there to connect with the Long Island and New England systems. When this shall have been accomplished, in conjunction with the car-float ferry at South Brooklyn now in existence, a satisfactory belt-line system will have been thrown around the port." Governor Whitman's West Side Commission also asks for a freight tunnel under the Hudson, connecting classification yards in New Jersey with a Manhattan terminal system. This terminal system would be a subway or elevated strip "along the West Side beginning at Sixtieth Street and continuing south as far below Canal Street as traffic may require." The New York-New Jersey Development Commission has just declared in a preliminary report that it has under consideration a plan for a complete all-rail belt-line system, with a tunnel under or bridge over the Hudson, and embracing as integral parts the Brooklyn Marginal Railway, the West Side improvements, and both inner and outer belt lines in New Jersey. Governor Edge lays stress upon "a gigantic freight yard on the Jersey meadows," where freight should be assorted and transshipments made to New York by tunnel.

Plainly, general opinion is against long-continued dependence upon floating systems for connecting the Jersey railways with the Long Island terminals and with Manhattan. There is ample ground for clashes between those who wish the substitute rail system to give New Jersey the advantage in manufacturing and transshipping, and those who wish to see New York, including Brooklyn and Staten Island, kept in its present paramount position. It was for an impartial and mutually profitable decision that the Joint State Commission was created. The port, with its 800 miles of shoreline, is really a unit. During the war the Government is going to lessen the congestion which has periodically occurred here by routing many shipments normally sent out from New York to other Atlantic or Gulf ports. The two States should so far as possible remove any cause that would tend to make this diversion of freight permanent. The magnificent harbor of New York should be effectively utilized, not for mere local advantage, but for the benefit of national and world commerce.

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The International Importance of India

By LAJPAT RAI

NOW that Germany is knocking at the doors of Asia, it is well to consider the international importance of India, not only for maintaining the balance of power in the great Eastern continent, but also for establishing the basis of a durable peace. Racially India is white as well as brown. The vast bulk of her population come of Aryan stock, being thus racially related to the Europeans. There is, however, enough mixture of the Semitic and the Mongolian stock to make her people cosmopolitan; of the former race there are many among India's seventy million of Mohammedans, and of the latter there are large numbers in the populations of Bengal, Burmah, Nepal, and the Himalayas. There is also some negroid blood in the south. Thus India's racial composition is a guarantee against the exclusive predominance of one race over others.

The languages of India can, for all practical purposes, be reduced to two groups. Sanskrit and the vernaculars spoken in the North, the West, and the Centre, all belong to the Indo-European class; the vernaculars of the South to the Dravidian group. The Hindusthani has a great many Arabic words in it, due to Mohammedan influences. So in the matter of languages as well as race India is the connecting link between Europe and Asia.

Coming to religions, we find that as the birthplace of Buddhism, India exacts respect and homage from the whole of the Far East; and as the home of seventy millions of Moslems, she exercises a unique influence on Western Asia. Buddhists and Mohammedans both go on pilgrimages to India. There are many Mohammedan shrines in India which are held in reverence throughout the Moslem world and are annually visited by large numbers of Mohammedans from Afghanistan, Turkestan, Persia, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Egypt. Similarly every Buddhist, be he of Ceylon, Japan, China, or Indo-China, must come to India on holy pilgrimage to Gaya and other sacred places.

On the one side, Hinduism is a kind of half-way house between Buddhism and Islam; on the other, between Buddhism and Christianity. It has a remarkably moderating influence. It speaks in universal terms of universal values. It blunts fanaticism and kills militarism. Its tolerance to all modes of thought and all kinds of worship compels well-nigh universal admiration.

Europeans and Americans often talk of religious fanaticism in India. That there is fanaticism in India, none need deny; but the remarkable thing is, not that there is so much of it, but that there is so little. India has a wonderfully moderating effect on fanaticism of every kind. The heat kills it and the monsoons dampen it. The religious differences of India are often used as an argument against her fitness for self-government, and the charge is so often repeated that it has come to be universally accepted as unanswerable. There are few who investigate the facts. In the last thousand years of Indian history, the violence resulting from religious strife will not amount to a fraction of the massacres that have been resorted to in the name of religion in Europe. Hinduism, while it allows full freedom of thought and worship to every individual, is, on the whole, a great harmonizing influence. It emphasizes points of agreement rather than of difference.

What more immediately concerns us is the political and economic influence of India on the future of the world. Her geographical situation gives her a commanding position in the politics of Asia. She is the real connecting link between the Middle East and the Far East. She is a clearing house, so to speak, for the North and the South of Asia. She holds the key of the Indian Ocean. Great Britain acquired her Empire in the East through her power over India. From India she spread to Burmah, the Malay Archipelago, China, and the Pacific Coast. From India she gained control of the Persian Gulf, of Beluchistan, and of Persia. From India she travelled northward to Thibet and southward to Australia. By virtue of her Empire in India, she is virtually the first Power in the Orient. India is at once a great prize and a great temptation.

Napoleons and Kaisers all look on that land with jealous eyes. The white and the yellow, the Jew and the Gentile, all desire it. So long as India is held in subjection by any one nation, the prospects of a lasting world-peace are slight. Great Britain must protect her Empire in India and must fight all who threaten it from the East and West. For half a century she struggled with France for the mastery of India; for another half-century she struggled with Russia to check the advances of that state towards India. To protect India she must have control of the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and practically the whole of the Indian Ocean. To protect India she must maintain the buffer state of Kabul, must extend her influence to Tibet, and must keep close watch on all the Indian frontiers. To safeguard her Empire in India she must control Egypt and conciliate Turkey. A large part of the wars fought by England in the nineteenth century originated in her fears about India. After a half-century of struggle with Russia, she entered into the famous Anglo-Russian convention, whereby the liberties of Persia were strangled. For the sake of India, she entered into an alliance with Japan, regardless of its effects on China. It is the same fear that haunts her now in this war. German influence over Turkey makes it necessary for her to carry her arms into Mesopotamia and Palestine. And now that Germany once more threatens to knock at the gate of India, this time from the Caspian Sea, she is again face to face with the problem of how to save India for herself.

To my mind, the remedy is simple. It lies in Great Britain's granting home rule to India. With a free, contented India all fears of foreign invasion of the country from the northwest or the northeast will disappear. A democratic India will have an extremely wholesome influence on both Moslem and Buddhist Asia, and will be a check on both the yellow and the white perils. India's millions in affectionate relations with Great Britain will thwart all plans of imperial aggression in Asia by other Powers.

We know how Indian discontent has been exploited by Germany in this war. What has been done, however, is nothing compared with what may be done in the future. Already the fear of German plots in Afghanistan and India, through Persia and Turkestan, has begun to disturb the peace calculations of the belligerents. Let Great Britain take a bold step and cut the Gordian knot by granting self-government

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to India,* thereby completely winning her friendship and co-operation for all time to come. The measure is overdue. India has an indefeasible right to be her own master, and she has, besides, won that right by service to England. She has contributed in no small measure to England's greatness. Most thoughtful men concede that India is bound some day to be free. If Great Britain now of her own free will grants home rule, she will cut the ground from under all plots, whether from the East or from the West. By this one step she can save Russia as well as the rest of Asia. Such a step will increase her prestige in the world, will give hope to Persia as well as China, and will make Great Britain a worthy ally of the United States. A few years hence it may be too late.

America in the World†

By JOHN DEWEY

THERE seems to be a little irony in the fact that upon Washington's Birthday the topic most apt for discussion is connected with the participation of America in a world war. Instead of a little strip of territory sparsely populated, able to maintain its own with the great nations of the world chiefly because of the advantage of remoteness, we are now a continental state, able to confer with the nations of the world on equal terms. While once there was enough to do in conquering a wilderness, we have now come to the end of the pioneer period, and have a margin of energy to draw upon.

The change has, of course, been brought about by that same development of industry and commerce which has annihilated distance, drawn all peoples into closer relations, and made the affairs and interests of one nation the concern of all, for weal or for woe. The fact that the interdependence which the new industry and the new methods of transportation and intercommunication have brought about should first reveal itself in strains and alignments for conflict does not alter the essential fact that the world for the first time now finds itself a round world, politically and economically as well as astronomically. That nations from every continent on the globe are engaged in the war is the outer sign of the new world struggling to be delivered.

It is a commonplace that whatever else the war means, it signifies for our own country the end of its period of isolation. Whether for better or for worse, America is no longer a people unto itself. America is now in the world. Unless this change of position is to mean that we are to be affected by the jealousies, the intrigues, and hostilities which have marked other nations longer in the world, we must see to it that those other nations accept and are influenced by the American idea rather than ourselves by the European idea. Of late we have been afflicted with national bashfulness, with a shy self-consciousness as to noting even that there is an American idea, lest we be guilty of spread-eagleism. We have assumed a self-depreciatory, almost apologetic, attitude towards the rest of the world. But unless our contribution to the present world struggle is to be confined to military and economic force, it must be that we have an idea to contribute, an idea to be taken into account in the world reconstruction after the war. What are the important aspects of this idea?

Politically, federation; *e pluribus unum*, where the unity does not destroy the many, but maintains each constituent factor in full vigor. It is not accident that the conceptions of a world federation, a concert of nations, a supreme tribunal, a league of nations to enforce peace, are peculiarly American contributions. They are conceptions which spring directly out of our own experience, which we have already worked out and tested on a smaller scale in our own political life. Leaders of other nations may regard them as iridescent dreams; we know better, for we have actually tried them.

One of the greatest problems which is troubling the old world is that of the rights of nationalities which are included within larger political units—the Poles, the Irish, the Bohemians, the Jugo-Slavs, the Jews. Here, too, the American contribution is radical. We have solved the problem by a complete separation of nationality from citizenship. Not only have we separated the church from the state, but we have separated language, cultural traditions, all that is called race, from the state—that is, from problems of political organization and power. To us language, literature, creed, group ways, national culture, are social rather than political, human rather than national, interests. Let this idea fly abroad; it bears healing in its wings.

Federation, and release of cultural interests from political dictation and control, are the two great positive achievements of America. From them spring the other qualities which give distinction and inspiration to the American idea. We are truly interracial and international in our own internal constitution. The very peoples and races who are taught in the old world that they have an instinctive and ineradicable antipathy to one another live here side by side, in comity, often in hearty amity. We have become a peace-loving nation both because there are no strong Powers close to our borders and because the diversified elements of our people have meant hope, opportunity, release of virile powers from subjection to dread, for use in companionship and unconstrained rivalries. Our uncoerced life has been at liberty to direct itself into channels of toleration, a general spirit of live and let live. Since our minds have not been constantly impressed with the idea that the growth of another power means the decay of our own, we have been emancipated to enjoy sharing in the struggles which exist wherever there is life, and to take its incidental defeats in good humor.

In working out to realization the ideas of federation and of the liberation of human interests from political domination we have been, as it were, a laboratory set aside from the rest of the world in which to make, for its benefit, a great social experiment. The war, the removal of the curtain of isolation, means that this period of experimentation is over. We are now called to declare to all the world the nature and fruits of this experiment, to declare it not by words or books, but by exhibiting the two primary conditions under which the world may achieve the happiness of a peace which is not the mere absence of war, but which is fruit-bearing concord. That we should have lost something of our spirit of boasting about our material greatness is a fine thing. But we need to recover something of the militant faith of our forefathers that America is a great idea, and add to it an ardent faith in our capacity to lead the world to see what this idea means as a model for its own future well-being.

*The self-government immediately demanded by Hindus and Mohammedans alike is of the kind mentioned in the editorial article in the *Nation* of February 28, outlining the joint plan of the Indian National Congress and the Moslem League.

†From an address delivered at Smith College on Washington's Birthday.

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The Triumph of Mordecai

By FREDERICK TUPPER

ON the walls of an American historical seminary, which has played its part in the moulding of two leaders of the Administration now at Washington, are printed Freeman's famous words: "History is past politics. Politics is present history." A true saying! But our own age has enlarged this to include: "Past history is present politics." Each morning paper is no longer a penny-glimmer, flickering for an instant, but the lurid reflection of fiery facts and forces which have set the world aflame during the centuries, and which are now blazing with redoubled fierceness. Each new hour seems an epitome of all that men have ever wrought and wrecked. All the influences that have gone to the making or the marring of our body politic—individualism, nationalism, internationalism—strut together upon the stage of the moment, so full of sound and fury that one is deafened by the clamor. All the mediæval manifestations of savagery—invasions of Huns, descents of "blonde beasts" upon defenceless towns and coasts, slaughters of Christians by Turks, massacres of Jews by Christians—confront us in our daily columns. Old unhappy things are no longer "far-off," but painfully near. Hence the bookman in this war time soon discovers, when ranging through his shelves, that any volume close to the life of its own day seems now so vitally linked with the life of ours that he brings to this reading a truer perspective, a deeper understanding than in all earlier encounters. Old and cherished pages offer thus a hundred fresh adventures, undreamed of four years ago. Under the stress of the present, we are coming to recognize that the utterance to which like war passions and peace yearnings have stirred long-dead bosoms is often both more timely and more permanent than the stammering expression of our too partial judgment; and we accord to the time-hallowed heart-cry a sympathetic response, emotional leagues above the indifference or hostility of its first hearers. How could ears have been deaf a hundred years ago, when Shelley, in lines that thrill us mightily at this moment, pointed an accusing finger at "the wretch on yonder throne, commanding the bloody fray to rise," backed by the bravoes who support his rule, glutted with groans and blood, sullenly numbering o'er the myriads of the slain and the wailing tribes of human kind, revealing by his every word and deed the monstrous evils of such kingship; against this despot, humanity, rising in a Promethean might that brooks no reconciliation with the Evil Principle, and winning the world back to that light of life which is love, after primal power has driven the royal murderer from his seat amid breaking sceptres and tiaras, swords and chains, and crumbling tomes of reasoned wrong? Why did men rail sixty years ago at Tennyson because in "Maud"—its Crimean War part a fitting utterance of America in her present heroic mood—he extolled a land that loses for a little her lust of gold and her love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames, when a war arises in defence of the right, and because he chanted the glory of the manhood of those who can say in that great hour: "We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still"? Why did our thinking folk of a half-century since give little heed to the prophetic soul of Walt Whitman forecasting so many of the world-pangs and world-triumphs of the present in those rapt visions which men just now are eagerly reading and quoting in the public prints? And wherefore such curt dismissal from the "chorus of irresponsible reviewers" forty years syne, when George Eliot championed in "Daniel Deronda" Jewish hopes of Zion, seemingly shadowy then, but close to gleaming realization in these tremendous days of ours, which see all dreams both good and bad come true?

Dux femina facti. As Lincoln said to Mrs. Stowe: "So, this is the little woman who made this great war." George Eliot's creation, Mordecai, who tottered upon the scene in "Daniel Deronda" a full score of years before the first gathering of Zionists at Basle (1897), had little honor in his brief hour. A consumptive Jewish workman in threadbare apparel, he seems, with his choking cough, his yellow face, his skeleton hands, to invite from all men pitying regard rather than reverent attention. Indeed, his hearers "take his thoughts without attaching more consequences to them than the Flemings to the ethereal chimes ringing above their market-places." Among the Jews of his circle, his prophecy of the revival of the national centre of Judaism, and of the restoration of the race to Palestine, awakens only dissent and contradiction. The chief smilers at his pregnant words are his own people. To all but his one convert, the high-bred Deronda, who dons his mantle and assumes his mission, Mordecai appears the leader of a forlorn hope, the mouthpiece of an expiring tradition.

So the Victorian critics certainly deemed him. To the *Edinburgh* reviewer, "the hectic figure of Mordecai, the visionary prophet Jew, is as much an absolute failure as anything produced by the hand of genius can be. His consumptive vehemence has but one or two gleams of interest. Deronda's romantic sentimental departure for the East to reorganize the Jewish nation is but a little subdued out of the heights of ridicule." In the opinion of the *Saturday*, "'Daniel Deronda' is devoted to the whimsical object of glorifying real or imaginary Jewish aspirations. . . . The purpose of the story is chimerical and absurd." To Leslie Stephen, also, "the scheme of the restoration of the Jewish nationality seems chimerical." And Henry James makes his young spokesman in the *Atlantic* say: "I don't understand more than half of Mordecai's rhapsodies, and I don't perceive exactly what practical steps could be taken. I rather suspect that the Jews in general take themselves much less seriously than that." Though Dicey, in the *Nation* (October 12, 1876), praises "the skill with which George Eliot has labored to enlist the reader's sympathy," yet he feels that "the immense tour de force ends in failure. The pain of Gwendolen's parting from Deronda touches the feelings of a hundred readers for one who is moved by Mordecai's dreams of a new return of his race to Jerusalem." Everywhere—or almost everywhere, for Dowden, Jacobs, and Lanier read the Mordecai chapters with something of our present understanding—we find this defect of sympathy. Some denounce the prophet's ideas as "vague and mystical." Others brutally proclaim Mordecai a bore, and ask loudly: "What rational person can care for the return of the Jews to Palestine?" Even an admiring Jewish commentator like Rabbi Philipson, in his suggestive book of the late eighties, "The Jew in English Fiction," declares that "the mission

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of Mordecai is unreal and impossible enough. Most of these schemes of a repossession of Palestine and a new Judea are set forth by Christian writers. They conceive this to be the yet unfulfilled mission of the Jews, if they have any. Rarely does a Jew himself in all seriousness advocate such a plan." This is the opposite pole of the much more recent opinion voiced by Lucien Wolf, a Jew but no Zionist, in his "Britannica" article on "Zionism" (1910), that "the publication of 'Daniel Deronda' gave to the Jewish nationalist spirit the strongest stimulus it had experienced since the appearance of Sabbatai Zevi two hundred years before." An overstatement, perhaps; and yet we know at least this, that in the very year of the book's printing the novelist was deeply gratified to learn, from both English and American Jews, of its elevating influence on the minds of some among their people.

George Eliot's first famous disciple, whom she did not live to know, was one of whom she would have had even larger reason to be proud than Mordecai of the admirable Deronda. Aroused by the anti-Semitism sweeping over Continental Europe in the late seventies and early eighties, and resounding in the dying ears of George Eliot, to whom Jew-baiting shouts of "Hep! Hep! Hep!" were always harrowing (see "Theophrastus Such"), an ardent young poetess, at once American and Jewess, now lifted Ezra's banner. Emma Lazarus, singing both the wrongs and the dreams of her people in lyrics that they often now repeat, is the spiritual child of the authoress of "Daniel Deronda." She dedicates her "Dance to Death," a mediæval analogue of modern *Judenhetze,* "to the memory of George Eliot, who did most among the artists of our day towards elevating and ennobling the spirit of Jewish nationality." And shortly afterwards, in an article on "The Jewish Problem" (the *Century,* February, 1883), Miss Lazarus testifies that "the idea formulated by George Eliot, the idea of restoring a political nationality to the Jewish people, has already sunk into the minds of many Jewish enthusiasts, and it germinates with miraculous rapidity." "Could the prophetess have lived but till to-day," so writes her reverent follower, "she would have been herself astonished at the flame enkindled by her seed of fire, and the practical shape which the movement projected by her in poetic vision is beginning to assume." Thus thirty-five years ago, long before Zionism found in Herzl an energizing captain of its soul, Jerusalem's trumpet awakened the sleepers.

I recall, after twenty years, my shock of surprise upon learning from friends at Lucerne that my chance companion of a week's joyous roving through the Black Forest and near the Falls of the Rhine was a famous rabbi, popular among both Jews and Gentiles in a great American city. "My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "here I have been with you on the road for many days without guessing that you were a Jew." "My dear fellow," he answered with that twinkle of the eye which was a part of his charm, "here I have been with you for just as many days without even suspecting that you were a Christian." To-day one may travel far along the road to Jerusalem, "beglamoured by the shining Tower of David," and, in the babel of tongues of millenarians, missioners, and Zionists, of assimilationists and restorationists, find no little difficulty in distinguishing Jewish opinion from Christian. Mordecai's doctrine, which, despite its root in Hebrew tradition, was scouted a generation ago by certain learned Jews as a "foolishness" of the Gentiles, and which was justified by certain learned Christians as a poetical motive in a work of art, merely demanding imaginative credence, has become, in the score of years since Theodor Herzl dreamed a like dream, the sound gospel of the orthodox. Of late, many have sung the songs of Zion. Congresses and conventions have made the restoration their sole theme; dozens of books and hundreds of articles in cyclopædias and magazines, among them the very magazines that once made light of Mordecai's prophecy, have dealt approvingly with many phases of the return to Jerusalem. Very recently discussion and action have received a fresh impulse from Mr. Balfour's letter of last November pledging the support of the British Government to "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." Since Dr. H. M. Kallen's admirable summary in the columns of the *Nation* (November 29, 1917) of "The Issues of the War and the Jewish Position," how the world has wagged apace! Jerusalem and Jericho are now in the hands of magnanimous modern crusaders, far kinder to Hebrew hopes and aims than their murderous mediæval prototypes to Hebrew lives. Jewish ministers, the Orthodox Rabbis, assembled in New York, have called "in the name of the Jewish tradition, history, and aspiration upon orthodox Jewry to join the ranks of the American Zionist organization and further joyfully with all their might the practical work needed to accomplish the restoration of Israel and Palestine." Jewish laymen, met in Baltimore under the leadership of such men as Straus and Brandeis, have begun the raising of a fund of a hundred millions to attest their love of Jerusalem. Jewish collegians, gathered at the quinquennial meeting of the Menorah, have devoted their councils to the theme of the development of Judaism in the old homeland. Jewish commissions from America, Britain, Russia, Spain will soon meet in Palestine to complete plans for the establishment on the Mount of Olives of a great university, "a noble house of learning, a sanctuary of the Jewish passion for spiritual values, for intellectual truths." And Jewish youngsters from the East Side, the first detachment of a battalion of American Zionists, is just now faring forth, in the spirit of the Maccabeans, to fight under Allenby for Judea. Amid all this stir, we meet, now and then, passing mention of "Daniel Deronda"; yet no one has essayed an analysis of Mordecai's prophecy in this time of its approaching fulfilment. May I somewhat hardily attempt in small space such an examination without making any claim to be what Henry James called in his latest time "a very Derondist of Derondists," and without giving the fellow-wanderer of my youth, should his kindly eye light upon this, any reason for "suspecting that I am a Christian"?

The stone of political nationality, which the builders once refused with irreverent scorn, promises soon to become, in a very real sense, the headstone of the corner. And, if we may not blame the Victorian critics for the absence of the foresight which perceives that the aspiration of one generation is the code of the next, we have every reason to quarrel with their lack of the backward-looking glance, which straightway reveals the strength of the tradition vividly incarnate in George Eliot's Mordecai. His very names suggest the rock from which he is hewn: Ezra, going up from Babylon and giving to the exiled Jews a wall in Judah and Jerusalem, and Mordecai, seeking the wealth of his people and speaking peace to all his seed. And his rhapsodies have the authentic ring of the older prophecies of Israel, those heart-lifting visions in which Isaiah and Ezekiel point the way to a Zion awakened and a Jerusalem restored. He has caught, too, something of the fire of that later herald of a new

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Jerusalem, Jehuda Halevi, of Spain, who had flashed across George Eliot's fancy in the days of "The Spanish Gypsy." The unimaginative Western mind, which is often so dazed by the rapturous symbolism of Oriental revelations that it overlooks the fine reasonableness of the tendencies and traditions that they betoken, characteristically fails to follow, in the blinding light of Mordecai's imagery, the absolutely straight road of his logic. He is, as he asserts, a rational Jew, and he stakes his all upon the soundest of political arguments, which men can no longer afford to ignore, for it is now the plea of the world's conscience, reinforced by the roar of cannon—the polity of unified nationality. This can become for the Jew a reality, he insists, only through the revival of the organic centre of the race—a consummation from which the world will gain as Israel gains. And just here some evilly marching morrows give a pitifully ironical emphasis to Mordecai's apt argument from example: "There will be a community in the van of the East, which carries the culture and the sympathies of every great nation in its bosom; there will be a land set for a halting place of enmities, a neutral ground for the East, as Belgium is for the West." To us what seeming mockery! And yet, though the convulsive horror of our time seems to shake even the rock of ages, yesterday's ideal loses naught by its apparently undue deference (strange blunder for a visionary!) to yesterday's established fact. Every wound of Belgium has a voice echoing Mordecai's appeal for the fostering protection of the cherished freedom of small nations. And when he, alone and unregarded, proclaims the only means by which such nationality may strongly live—the possession of hearth and home—there are notes in his message which are heard to-day in the tones of a million champions of a good and holy cause. The prophecy, once hailed as absurd and chimerical, is now a popular programme.

The artist with eyes in his forehead must shadow forth other forms than that which embodies his constructive ideal. Hence George Eliot gives a free tongue to the opposition. Other Jews besides Mordecai, familiar types all, gather in the smoky little parlor of the "Hand and Banner": Miller, in whom the Israelitish strain runs very thin; Pash, in outward seeming the triple-baked Jew, but without the Jewish heart in his breast, and Gideon, mouthpiece of the rapidly decreasing number who now bear the name of "assimilationists." As one of those who deem belief in Israel's national regeneration merely a pious dogma without relation to life and action, Gideon would "clear the liturgy of all such notions as a literal fulfilment of the prophecies about restoration." Take away from the religion of the Jew this and other "strict interpretations and useless rites," so he would argue, and you sweep away the chief barriers that separate him from the Gentile. To him the passing of the Jew signifies as little as the passing of Judaism. For all he cares, his children may mate with Christians, and his children's children melt gradually into the surrounding population. Through the old maxim, "A man's country is where he's well off," he rudely parts company with the historic consciousness, the spiritual aspirations and ideals of his race. Will not amalgamation of culture follow merging of blood? To Gideon and to Pash, the Jew who cannot merge with the Gentile, though he will, Mordecai makes the proud answer that "a fresh-made garment of citizenship cannot weave itself straightway into the flesh and change the slow deposit of eighteen centuries." There is small danger in his implication, for a host of Zionists have lately demonstrated by every word and deed that devoted allegiance to countries of recent adoption is in no way marred by a full sense of venerable national traditions; that British or American citizenship may be duly cherished, without any sacrifice of loyalty to the religion, law, and moral life that mingle in the blood of the Jewish people.

The quantity and the quality of this army of Zion constitute an argument of which even Gideon and Pash natures acknowledge the weight. To the eloquent pragmatism of the prophet, looking confidently forward to the time when "the wealthy men, the monarchs of commerce, the learned in all knowledge, the skilful in all arts, the political counsellers who carry in their veins the Hebrew blood . . . lift up a standard," his opponents are ready to concede that "when there are great men on 'change and high-flying professors converted to your doctrine, difficulties will vanish like smoke." That time has come. The list of the chief converts to Zionism in all the countries of earth reads like a roll of fame. No one foolishly fancies that many of these leaders will sever present fast ties—social, commercial, political—and voyage forth to dig and delve in far-off Palestine. Immigration even of those who still merit the name, "tribe of the wandering foot," must be very slow. But a constantly increasing multitude will, at each Passover, chant in all literalness the words, "Next year, Jerusalem!" And wise men among the Jews are everywhere rejoicing with Mordecai that the race shall soon have, as of old, "an organic centre, a heart and brain to watch and guide and execute," and that once more "the law shall go forth from Zion, and the word of God from Jerusalem."

A Great Teacher of Idealism

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: George Holmes Howison, who died in Berkeley, December 31, 1916, at the age of eighty-two, is so profound an influence in the lives of many of its readers that for the *Nation* to have quite overlooked his passing seems a strange omission. For Howison did not belong to California only; among those who care for the things of the mind he was saluted as widely, I suppose, as that philosopher whose translation some months earlier from Cambridge was fittingly mourned in your columns. Royce the Californian to Harvard, Howison the Marylander to our oldest university in the Far West—a fair exchange.

Had Dr. Howison died in the more productive exercise of his powers, the gap would have been more generally observed. In the main, his work was finished a decade ago. Its results the writer wishes he were competent to appraise with authority, so he must hope they will yet be properly assessed, in such a journal as the *Nation,* by Bakewell or Lovejoy or Overstreet or any other in the long roll of men in faculties of philosophy whose wits were first bent to metaphysic by the only holder of the Mills professorship in the University of California. On the other hand, alas! it may be that one among the less distinguished of Howison's disciples (but not the present writer) could better fulfil the grateful task, for the old master was well known to grieve over the frequent defections of his favorite pupils from the way into which he had led them.

I do not mean to suggest that Howison would clip the wings of his fledglings or do otherwise than rejoice over independence in them and originality; much less that he

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was the dogmatist he was considered by certain opponents. For to be opposed was his lot. A parish priest beheld his Satan—a quite personal devil—incarnate in Dr. Howison as "the curse of the University." Another but less lettered sectarian, professor of theology in a small way, would, if possible, turn the sons of a fellow-preacher from the philosopher who was "too rational." Face to face, it was a wandering swami with his slightly reasoned pantheism; a banker-positivist advancing with urbane determination the banner of Comte against the citadel of idealism; Le Conte or Jordan, definitive evolutionists; James, with his sinewy pragmatism; Harris, Watson, or Royce, monistic idealists. What battles royal were the annual tourneys of the Philosophical Union when Howison took and gave with one or another of these veterans and their like! Then none could say he dogmatized, for I dare say America has scarcely had his equal in platform dialectic. To me still, at twenty years distance, Reason herself seems to have taken on these occasions the form of a somewhat deaf, near-sighted, stocky, gray-bearded scholar of sixty, indubitable victor in the intellectual fray.

But indeed in the lecture room day by day he presented to us with unsurpassable clarity and cogency, in a "sheer beauty and precision of phrasing"—to repeat the just tribute of Professor Stratton—a philosophy so grounded upon sure criticism of the systems of the past, so practically idealist, so patiently reasoned, that I for one shall ever marvel at the fewness of its avowed adherents. A cause of this deficiency, I suppose, is Howison's slenderness of literary yield, master though he was of an incisive and luminous style. Almost as if he felt himself fettered by his extraordinary gift of oral expression, he would sometimes confess to putting off and putting off the more thorough immonumenting of his thought in print. Moreover, he spent his riper years on the margin, where, if he planted a signal academic grove, it was still a frontier planting. I suspect, however, the very nature of his thinking was against its acceptance by a perverse and easy generation. For it was an unretreating, insistent challenge of monism; and I fancy it will be agreed that monism in one form or another, express or implied, crass or subtle, has had for long the willing ear of the world.

Howison's range, to be sure, was so broad that many would see his distinction in another field. Some of his students have told me that for them it lay in his having saved them from the bald materialism of the eighties and nineties. With most of us, I am persuaded, it was his greatness to show that between the venerable and fascinating visions of the monists and the metaphysics and ethics pertaining to the religion of Jesus there can be no hint of compromise. The Christian apologist who thinks he has effected this compromise has really made a surrender. Christianity has here and there become so disguised with alien forms and phrases that millions of its followers behave in the mode of freedom, yet believe, pray, praise, and hope in the mode of something fundamentally deterministic. Perhaps this in part accounts for Howison's contention that the most pressing need of the age is a re-defining of Christianity. For Christianity was with Howison the final religious expression of the intellect and character that are the premises of the cosmos; while again it was, to him, of the utmost practical moment that men be conscious of these premises and loyal to them. It was therefore with a kind of missionary fervor that he was continually urging the primacy of the three conceptions which were in chief the goal of his reasoning, namely, God a Person; human, responsible freedom; and the immortality of the soul. These sound trite, yet to establish them in reason and to work out their interrelationships and their relations with the phenomenal world were, of course, a life's task for any thinker. He was impatient of tagging his theory with a name, but if pressed to distinguish it would call it Personal Idealism. Its main outlines may be found in the volume of essays published some sixteen years ago under the title, "The Limits of Evolution."

Only for fear of trespassing on your space, I refrain, though unwillingly, from paying respect here to Dr. Howison as man, citizen, and friend. As a teacher, he had no need of a large classroom, but he drew and held the choicest spirits in the University and touched into lifelong thoughtfulness the more sluggish minds of some among the rest of us. His former students are now engaged in raising a considerable sum with which to found at Berkeley a lectureship in his honor. I trust that not a few of those privileged to speak under it will add positively to the Howisonian stream. It is the clearest and most helpful current of metaphysical thought, it seems to me, that our times have produced.

TRACY R. KELLEY

University of California, February 17

Correspondence

The Copperhead

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have noted the letter by W. P. Reeves in the *Nation* of February 28, 1918, questioning the statement in Perry-Price "American History," Second Book, page 198, that many Copperheads of Civil War times wore as a badge the Liberty head cut out of an old-fashioned cent.

The statement is confirmed by Bassett, "Short History of the United States," p. 582; Hart, "Essentials in American History," p. 472; Hosmer, "Outcome of the Civil War," p. 4; Rhodes, "History of the United States," IV, p. 247.

Moreover, the International Encyclopædia, to which Mr. Reeves appeals, in its new edition of 1914, Vol. VI, p. 61, says:

"Another explanation of the name is that it came from the habit of the extreme opponents of the war wearing as a badge a button cut out of a copper cent on which was the head of the Goddess of Liberty."

ARTHUR C. PERRY, JR.

New York, March 7

Reptilia Americana

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of W. P. Reeves, of Gambier, Ohio, in your issue of the 28th ultimo strikes justly at the absurdity of the explanation which he quotes from a certain American history for the sobriquet of "Copperheads," applied to disloyal Northerners in the Civil War. Any man who lives among the hills of Ohio in the region where Mr. Reeves lives would be equally scornful of an interpretation which supposes that "Copperhead" is something stamped on a copper cent. It is the copperhead snake which Ohioans had in mind when they invented this epithet for their disloyal

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neighbors—and I think there is no doubt that it was invented in Ohio. The metonymy by which the Buckeye people transferred the title to the traitor will be no mystery to any one who understands how a snake of this name is hated and feared in the Ohio hills. He is, in Buckeye thought, an unmitigated sneak and a conscienceless rascal. He hides in tall grass, where the farmer doesn't suspect his presence until he treads on him, or lurks in crannies of rocks where his protective coloring makes him nearly invisible. It is from such ambushes as these that the copperhead always strikes without a previous hint of his animosity. He never comes out in the open, and that was mainly the reason why loyal Ohio farmers transferred his name to men who, in their opinion, were acting in the same fashion.

NOLAN R. BEST

New York City, March 1

British Shipbuilding

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial note you call attention to the fact that last year Great Britain produced little more than one million tons of merchant shipping. One reason was that nearly all the yards were devoted to the needs of the Royal Navy, the king-pin of the Entente. ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

Halifax, N. S., February 26

If Thine Enemy Hunger

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If present failure be a guide to future action, the employment of starvation on a large scale as a war measure will hereafter be discarded. The whole world has suffered and will long continue to suffer through what, after all, has proved to be a strategic error. Not only will it require years to repair the deranged machinery of production and distribution, but the mental and physical degeneracy of the offspring of a depleted vitality will plague the world for years to come. Nor has the policy been at all effective in accomplishing its end. Privation, suffering, and death have resulted; but the opposing forces have not been materially weakened, while such tendency towards revolution at home as was anticipated has been rendered nugatory by the lowered morale produced by a reduced vitality. Even the gross and inexcusable gratification derived by some from the distress of an inimical people is tempered by knowledge that still greater distress is endured by their own fellow-countrymen who have been taken and who are held captive in the enemy's hands.

Suffering that stirs the heart of humanity to pity and kindly relief is often beneficial to both victim and Samaritan; but suffering that is gloated over as a war measure or as satisfying the spirit of revenge breeds inhumanity and hatred. It will be well, therefore, if the international council to arise on the ruins of this war shall decree that hereafter no blockade shall interfere with the free movement of food to any community, whether friendly or hostile, and so interdict any further employment of a method futile as a strategic measure and disastrous to the whole world in its physical, its economic, and its moral consequences.

HENRY OLDYS

Silver Spring, Md., March 1

Sense and Censorship

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There has been much talk lately about secret treaties, but everybody seems to acquiesce in the English Government's right to intercept on their way to America books that are allowed to circulate freely all over the United Kingdom. Three copies of the Life of Casement sent to me one after the other have been confiscated by the British authorities. Thanks to the kind offices of the American Government, one of these copies has been restored to me with the acknowledgment that it had been withdrawn by error of the English censor. An Irish Grammar bearing the ominous title of "The Stepping Stones to Gaeldom" has been confiscated as a matter of course. An Irish correspondent excused himself a short while ago for not writing to me in Irish since to the British censor *omne ignotum terribile*. On the other hand, a letter from Mr. Lloyd George—written, it is true, by his secretary, but with the English coat-of-arms and the words "Prime Minister" stamped on the envelope—reached me quite safely without even being examined by the censor. It seems to me that Americans are entitled to read all criticism of the British Government that appears in England itself without being obliged to rely exclusively on what Mr. Lloyd George's narrower countrymen call "Brad y Llyfrau Gleision." JOSEPH DE PEROTT

Worcester, Mass., March 1

Cotton Mather and Quarles?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 158 of "The Cambridge History of American Literature," Volume I, appears the following statement: "Although Cotton Mather had some correspondence with Quarles, there was not much literary communication of any kind between the colonies and England before the eighteenth century." Reference elsewhere in the chapter in which this occurs indicates that the Quarles referred to is the author of the "Emblems." As Francis Quarles died September 8, 1644, and Cotton Mather was not born until February 12, 1663, correspondence between them was impossible. Cotton Mather's grandfather, John Cotton, did have correspondence with Quarles, and on literary matters, as we know from John Josselyn's "Two Voyages to New England," page 20. I think that the similarity of the name is the unfortunate cause of the slip in statement.

The John Cotton-Quarles correspondence is probably the only *literary* communication between the colonies and England before the eighteenth century, but there was some other correspondence between colonists and literary men in England. John Winthrop, jr., corresponded with Sir Kenelm Digby, Robert Boyle, John Milton, Lord Clarendon, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Sir Henry Wotton, and perhaps Sir Thomas Browne, as well as with such scientists as Robert Hooke, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Brounker, Dr. Willis, and Dr. Wilkins, with the antiquarian Elias Ashmole, and with Sir Christopher Wren. Winthrop may have known Milton personally through their mutual friends Samuel Hartlib, Theodore Haak, and Henry Oldenburg, all of the Royal Society. Roger Williams was acquainted with Milton, having read foreign languages with him during his visit to England, 1651–1654. John Oxenbridge was the friend

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of both Milton and Marvell. Marvell lived with him at Eton for a time, and wrote the epitaph upon his first wife; and Oxenbridge's accounts of his life in the Bermudas probably inspired Marvell's poem "Bermudas." Robert Boyle, as governor of The Corporation for the Spread of the Gospel in New England, had considerable correspondence with John Eliot and others. During the last decade of the seventeenth century Joseph Dudley, for several years a resident of England, became a close friend of Richard Steele, being for a time Deputy-Governor of the Isle of Wight under Lord Cutts, to whom Steele was private secretary.

This list comprises, I think, all of the literary men with whom the New England colonists were acquainted or corresponded during the seventeenth century. Lists of scientific men or of men in political life would be much more extensive.

THOMAS G. WRIGHT

New Haven, Conn., March 7

Miss Anglin's Medea

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I utter an earnest protest against the severity of the criticism of Miss Margaret Anglin's Medea which appeared in the *Nation* for February 28? It was my great privilege to see Miss Anglin in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, Cal., and her Medea did not seem to me "a hulking barbarian," nor did the scenes with her children seem "blighted by guttural artificiality." I do not know under what limitations Miss Anglin may have acted in New York, but in Berkeley, amid those unsurpassed surroundings, she rose mightily to the occasion and acted with a sincerity and beauty, with a poignancy and dignity, with a charm and authority, I have rarely seen equalled.

Setting aside personal preferences and opinions, is it wise to condemn absolutely what does not meet one's individual standards? The stage is in a parlous condition, given over almost entirely to so-called musical comedies and salacious farces. When Miss Anglin alone of all the actresses now before the public attempts a serious rendering of the great classics of antiquity, whatever her limitations, whatever her failures, should not her undoubted achievements be generously recognized? It is easy to be censorious, but if such criticism as your writer indulges in goes unchallenged, shall we not all the longer be condemned to the banal and vapid offerings which are now rife upon our stage?

RODERICK STEBBINS

Milton, Mass., March 7

Contributors to this Issue

LAJPAT RAI, formerly a member of the bar of Lahore, India, and now resident in New York, is one of the most distinguished leaders of the more moderate Indian Nationalist movement.

JOHN DEWEY is professor of philosophy in Columbia University.

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TRACY R. KELLEY is a member of the department of English in the College of Agriculture of the University of California.

The Bowl

By CARL H. GRABO

SOME master-craftsman, maker of porcelains to the Emperor, the Son of Heaven,
Having attained the paradise of artists, who mould in life and fire,
Fashioned this day:

A bowl blue as the iris within the sacred gardens,
Based with a low design of brown bare hills,
A pine or two new-tipped with tender needles,
With oak buds, pink and saffron,
And birds, red, brown, and blue.

Into this bowl, exquisite and perishable,
The Patron of all artists heaps light and more light,
Then holding high the brimming chalice, quaffs,
And folds it in his altar-cloth of stars.

BOOKS

John Keats

John Keats: His Life and Poetry, his Friends, Critics, and After-Fame. By Sir Sidney Colvin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50 net.

MANY men of letters cannot be understood apart from a circle of immediate friends and associates, since in the lives of authors literary friendships are often of more significance than the influence of books. Biographies, therefore, coupling an author's name with his circle, are increasing in number, popularity, and influence. If such a study is necessary for Dante, Wordsworth, and Hawthorne, men of more or less solitary habits, much more is it needed for Keats, who, from the time he came under the influence of Charles Cowden Clarke in school days until he passed away in the tender care of the devoted Severn, was especially fortunate in gifted and inspiring companions. Sir Sidney Colvin's book, as the sub-title indicates, very fittingly enables us to see Keats with and through his friends and acquaintances.

Ever fascinating and pathetic is the story of Keats's life; fascinating in the rapid evolution of a great poet from an "obscurely born and half-schooled young medical student, the orphan son of a Finsbury stable-keeper"; pathetic in the sudden ending of a life of infinite promise. His first published poem appeared in the *Examiner* of Leigh Hunt, May 5, 1816, and his first volume of poems came from the press early in 1817. The little book contained in "Sleep and Poetry" "the most explicit battle-cry of the romantic revolution in poetry since the publication of Wordsworth's preface to the second edition of 'Lyrical Ballads' seventeen years earlier." Although Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Hunt, and others had championed the cause in the meantime, "none of these has left any enunciation of theory having power to thrill the ear and haunt the memory like the rimes of this untrained recruit, John Keats." In spite of all this, and in spite of the inclusion of the immortal sonnet on Chapman's Homer, the work attracted slight attention aside from the warm praise of Keats's friends, competent judges though

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they were. Two or three critical reviews contained little recognition of worth and a copious amount of admonition. The publication in 1818 of "Endymion," Keats's ambitious attempt to test his powers of imagination and invention, a poem, in the words of Shelley, "full of the highest and finest gleams of poetry," but also containing many flaws of taste and training, was the signal for a storm of unmerited adverse criticism and despicable personal abuse of the author by Lockhart in *Blackwood*, by Croker in the *Quarterly*, and by a censor still more contemptuous in the *British Critic*. In the early days of July, 1820, appeared the volume "Lamia, Isabella, and Other Poems," "in right of which Keats's name is immortal." Thus in less than four years, although he had expressly wished for ten, John Keats, at the age of twenty-five, had obtained his goal, a place among the English poets, the immortality he had sought. In the few brief months of intense mental and physical suffering that remained to him, could he but have known what we know now, one of the supreme tragedies of literature would have been alleviated, though not averted.

How brief a life, measured by years; how deep and significant, measured by accomplishment! Keats could say with truth, "I feel more and more every day, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds"; and again, with equal truth:

> O what a wild and harmonized tune
> My spirit struck from all the beautiful!

To him "the excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with Beauty and Truth"; to him also Juliet, leaning from her balcony, the swoon of Imogen, Hero wrongfully accused by Claudio, Spenser's Pastorella among the bandits

> Are things to brood on with more ardency
> Than the death-day of empires.

Sir Sidney in the midst of the present world cataclysm lingers over these words of Keats, a voice from a similar cataclysm one hundred years ago, and feelingly adds: "When the future looks back on to-day, even on to-day, a death-day of empires in a sterner and vaster sense than any the world has known, will all the waste and hatred and horror, all the hope and heroism of the time, its tremendous issues and catastrophes, be really found to have eclipsed and superseded love as the thing fittest to fill the soul and inspire the songs of poets?" No; Browning has said aright, "Love is best."

This imposing volume by Sir Sidney Colvin marks a marvellous change in appreciation of Keats since an indifferent world let him die in obscurity and neglect. No longer is he "one whose name was writ in water"; he is now enshrined in love and admiration. Year by year his fame has become more secure, as the truth and beauty of his poetry, the depth and significance of his message, and finally, the sterling qualities of his manhood, the "flint and iron of his nature," have become better understood. From a time shortly after the publication of his "Life, Letters, and Literary Remains," by Richard Monckton Milnes in 1848, Keats has ranked as a great poet. To-day the foremost English scholars are ready to do him homage; the foremost English poets for over half a century have acknowledged him their teacher.

Thirty years ago our author contributed to the "English Men of Letters" series an admirable volume on Keats—sympathetic in tone, scholarly and accurate in appreciation, and rich in new and valuable information from original sources. In the years that have intervened he has never lost the interest then aroused and has done much to add to our better understanding of the poet, especially by his edition of Keats's "Letters" in 1891; and he has never ceased to hope that he might one day return to the delightful study and give the world what it has not hitherto possessed, but long since needed, "one book giving a full and connected account of his [Keats's] life and poetry together in the light of our present knowledge and with the help of all available material." In the present volume, timed to appear one hundred years after Keats's first volume of poetry, he has accomplished his purpose.

What, we may ask, has been his method? What has he added to our knowledge of Keats? His attitude towards the poet is, as formerly, sympathetic and fair; he is keenly alive to his merits and not blind to his faults; he is not disturbed over the changeableness of Keats's views, attributing their shifting nature to youth. No one, we believe, who never met Keats has known him better. The severity of age is rarely so considerate of the levity of youth. Sir Sidney has elaborated his former book, incorporating "forty or fifty pages in all," but in reality utilizing in one way or another practically all that has not been superseded. He has brought together in one connected narrative all that has hitherto been known of Keats, adding not a little new; he has given us a fuller account of the society in which Keats lived; he has employed his rich experience and wide reading in literature in a more ambitious attempt to trace Keats's sources and inspiration, not only in literature, but especially in the graphic arts; he has "endeavored at the same time to make felt the critical and poetical atmosphere, with its various and strongly conflicting currents, amid which Keats lived and to show how his genius . . . was a focus in which many vital streams of poetic tendency from the past centred and from which many radiated in the future." The unrivalled collections of original documents in the possession of Lord Crewe and Mr. J. P. Morgan have been at his disposal, as was also that of Miss Henrietta Woodhouse. From these sources our author has drawn an appreciable number of original conclusions both biographical and critical. We must regret, however, that two lesser collections in the hands of Americans have not been available, for what seem to us insufficient reasons.

We may note in passing the most important gains. With the aid of Dr. Rowe's research, Sir Sidney has been able to gain a little more knowledge of Keats's possible Cornish descent. He has established a new date, the summer of 1811, instead of the autumn of 1810, as the time when Keats left school, thus making the miracle of his training slightly more understandable. Leigh Hunt, though his pernicious influence is not lost sight of, is given proper and deserved credit for invaluable encouragement to Keats when it was most needed, and it is proved "that some of Keats's most Hunt-seeming rhymes and phrases contain really an echo of the older masters." Colvin attributes to native instinct and not to the influence of Wordsworth, as some have done, Keats's sympathy with Grecian mythology. No one has hitherto seen so much in "Endymion," either in plan or depth of meaning. Sir Sidney sends us back to the poem with renewed interest and the inclination to doubt the soundness of our former adverse judgment. He takes issue with Professor de Sélincourt and Mr. Robert Bridges, who "have sought to lay the organic structure of the poem in the supposition that each of the four books is intended to relate

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the hero's probationary adventures in one of the four elements," maintaining rather that the source is literary and the treatment imitative. He is no longer uncertain about the authorship of the infamous reviews in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly,* nor is he deceived as to their effects on Keats. They harmed his material prospects, and by "these consequences in his darker hours preyed on him severely and conspired with the forces of disease and passion to his undoing."

No less interesting than the discussion of "Endymion" is that of "Hyperion." A new source is found in Ronsard's ode to his friend Michel de l'Hôpital. In this suggestion of the source of the poem the author is more happy than in his conjecture as to how Keats might have ended it. We doubt "that he intended to present to us Apollo, enthroned after the abdication of Hyperion, in the character of a prophet and to have put into his mouth revelations of things to come, a great monitory vision of the world's future." Had such been his intent, Keats could hardly have called the poem "Hyperion" or "The Fall of Hyperion," but rather "Apollo" or "The Rise of Apollo." It is not easy to see or safe to guess how Keats would have ended the poem, but it is safe to believe that the same inventive powers, improved by practice, which could create an "Endymion," make "4,000 lines of one bare circumstance and fill them with poetry," would have found material more to the poet's liking, descriptive, narrative, and philosophic, in the carefully anticipated and fast approaching clash between the fierce Titan and the newly deified Apollo, the god of Keats's ideals. The "Bright Star" sonnet, one of the most beautiful in our language, is clearly shown to have been written early in 1819, during the first days of Keats's engagement to Fanny Brawne, and is not, therefore, his last verse composed at Lulworth on the ship that was bearing him to Italy, but on that occasion was merely copied from memory for Severn. Sir Sidney performs a valuable service in emphasizing by word and illustrations Keats's indebtedness to prints, pictures, and marbles, from the time when the prints on Hunt's walls inspired many lines in "Sleep and Poetry" until he composed the graphic description of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." To the society and inspiration of his artist friends Keats owed much. It is interesting to note in the January number of *Arts and Decoration* that William Blake was of the number and has left us a portrait of Keats. Of value also and highly convenient is the appendix containing the list of books in Keats's library compiled by Richard Woodhouse and now in the possession of Mr. Morgan.

That he has exhausted his subject and given us the last word on Keats, Sir Sidney himself would be the first to deny, for he frequently calls our attention to attractive and unexplored paths in his study, which limitations of time and space, to our regret, will not permit him to enter. Keats lived so intensely in his few brief years, drank so deeply from the springs of Helicon, and assimilated so thoroughly all the influences converging in his life that his literary biography is almost inexhaustible. Especially valuable and desirable, therefore, are the services of a venerable critic like Sir Sidney who can bring to bear on his studies years of intensive research in many fields of literature. "The years 1883 and 1884," he reminds us, "were great Keats years." No less so, we believe, will be the year 1917, marked by the publication of a Keats Concordance and by this monumental literary biography, fitting centennial memorials of the first volume of Keats's poems.

Dreams and the Main Chance

The House of Conrad. By Elias Tobenkin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Eastern Red. By Helen Huntington. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Golden Block. By Sophie Kerr. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

SOME novel-readers—not over-many, we suppose—will recall "Witte Arrives," a story that appeared something over a year ago, the work of a new writer, Elias Tobenkin. It was a story of the melting-pot, of a young Russian Jew who came to this country in boyhood and made of himself a man at least as American as the Americans. His highest success in journalism was won as an editorial writer, a recognized champion of Americanism. His assimilation was understood to be completed by marriage with a cultivated American Gentile. This theory of racial destiny may have seemed to some of us a trifle discomfiting. Since then there have been two other notable studies of the Jew in America, "David Levinsky," by Abraham Cahan, and "The Chosen People," by Sidney Nyburg: a picture of the Jew as a squalid beast preying upon our civilization, and a picture of him as a being with a mission and a destiny, bearing his own spiritual gift for the world. The author of "Witte Arrives" and "The House of Conrad" is buoyed by no such certainty of mood. He hardly sees America as a land of free opportunity or sure promise. In the one tale he shows what prizes the newcomer in America may win by conformity, in the other he shows what he must lose by failure to conform. Gottfried Conradi is a young Prussian workman who comes to New York in the middle sixties to escape military service, to earn enough money for marriage, and to spread the gospel of Ferdinand Lassalle. He has seen Lassalle in the Rhine country and fallen under his spell. Among his fellows in the cigar-making trade are a handful of others who have drunk the same heady brew. The first Socialist society in America is formed, and Conradi is one of its leaders and chief spokesmen. These propagandists are young and ardent and sincere, and the world is all before them. But they are strangers in the land, and they long remain blind to the fact that to spread their gospel they must make it intelligible. Among their fellow-aliens the faith spreads, but they do not see the futility of trying to convert a great English-speaking people by jabbering to each other in German. Conradi presently sends to the old country for his Aennchen. In his high-hearted youthfulness he dreams of founding a house which shall be a power in the new world. A son is born and named for the great Ferdinand. He is promptly renamed by Irish neighbors and is to be Fred Conrad to the end of the chapter. He is a lad of promise; the father has high hopes of him as a worker for the Cause. But though he grows up to become a leader, it is in the practical field of organized labor and not the dreaming world of socialistic theory. The Socialist movement itself has grown away from the elder Conrad, has been Americanized and modified in ways that the aging Lassallean cannot follow. The pure Cause has failed, and he has failed with it. His son also is to be sacrificed, though on another altar. Fred Conrad permits himself to be tempted from his honorable post as leader of his own trade union to the more lucrative job of national organizer. His purpose and methods are honest and effective as long as they are permitted to be. But he is not "one of the

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boys." By temperament as well as the circumstances of happy marriage, he scorns the vices of his associates, and so incurs their enmity. They have no difficulty in ruining him; his arrest is caused on a false charge, and organized labor, which might save him with a word, abandons him to the subsidized courts—in the interest of harmony among the champions of labor! Prison breaks his spirit; his wife dies; his daughter is taken from him by the law, and thereafter becomes the prey of a rich man; he himself goes "down and out," to die a wanderer in a strange city. But the House of Conrad is not yet doomed, though it is to rest on other foundations than old Gottfried had planned. The granddaughter Ruth has declined to be "ruined" and has sturdily built a new life for herself. The grandson Robert also develops a clean, strong nature. Old Conrad, as he looks upon the boy, dreams a new dream of his destiny, a destiny of self-respecting individualism: "In the main, Conrad brooded, the task of regenerating the world would be accomplished not by the self-sacrificing altruism of a few idealists, but by the quickened consciousness of the whole of mankind. What he now hoped for Robert was to see the boy grow up into an honest, earnest man, doing his share of the world's work, and resting content with that." A thoughtful book, and a book of sound characterization and action but for the single episode of Ruth and that preposterous Bostonian aristocrat, "Edward Sumner Channing," who is simply a vulgarian with a fancy name.

Stories of serious intention also are "The Golden Block" and "Eastern Red," however unstable one may judge the basis of that intention to be. "Eastern Red" is a study of marriage as a prison-house in which women are hopelessly confined by walls of convention and doors of habit. The chief persons are two New York women of strongly contrasting types. Elsie Harcourt is the selfish and childless and "temperamental" wife of a rich and dissolute man of good family. Rose Durand is of lower middle-class origin, a vaudeville singer and wife of a vaudeville "actor." Elsie is the fashionable woman unfulfilled, who seeks refuge from boredom in an intense activity about nothings. Her life is crowded with fads and functions and causes, and empty of usefulness or happiness. Into her days comes a lover, a man of refinement and even distinction, though (like every other man in the book) essentially a weakling. For himself he has the courage of his passion, but none to spare for her. She can only look wistfully out of the window he has unlatched for her and repeat that she is "not that kind of woman"; convention is too strong for her, she cannot bring herself to pay the social penalty. For her there is no escape from the prison-house. Rose Durand's problem is a different one, that of physical enslavement to a man for whom she has no passion. Her Louis is a good, vulgar fellow, but he cannot understand her tentative efforts to free herself from his exactions, to "belong to herself." There is one conclusive argument for him always: "Ain't you my wife?" No other man exists in her life; she wants no man. She tries to run away from Louis, but she is fond of him, cannot bear to hurt him, and sheer habit is on his side. There is only one way of escape—death; and poor little Rose takes that way, vaguely ennobling it by the fancy (which her creator seems to share) that her suicide will be not simply a personal solution, but "a protest against being owned like a slave." In one of her few but well-thumbed books the dazed Louis presently stumbles upon a note of her making, set against a line of Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn": "Who will die to make women free?" is her query. As for the bereaved Louis, at this moment "the beginning of an idea stirred in his brain"; and this, we take it, is where the "eastern red" comes in.

"The Golden Block" is a story unworthy of comment because it exults with well-nigh unparalleled ingenuousness, or frankness, in the ability of woman to tackle man's game and beat him at it. To the heroine's admired and explicit doctrine that "there's no brains in sex" is joined the implicit corollary that there's no morals in sex either. She is out for "money and power and success and a big business to manage for herself," and no soft feminine scruples are to stand in the way. "You've got to play a perfectly merciless game of give-and-take," says she, "for that's modern business." So she makes herself indispensable to the owner of that marvellous paving unit, "the Golden Block," by proving herself his superior in the arts of bribery and wire-pulling and brow-beating, as well as in the machinery of organization. She reveres the memory of the original proprietor—a "pirate" of superior parts. Henry Golden, who has inherited the business, is relatively inefficient. It is our Margaret Bailey who saves the company in its hour of peril by bagging a huge city contract, after the necessary "shake-down" for the Silent Boss and his minions; and it is she who protects the contract from the assaults of a traitor in the Boss's camp. All this seems to her a glorious affair, a cause worth living for. She has nothing but contempt for the people of her own class, the "people who keep little stores and restaurants, and people who work at things and that have no future—skilled mechanics, you know. They'll never get anywhere—never be anything. They'll just keep on as they are, living their dull drab lives with never anything big or—brilliant—or stimulating in them. They'll never be on top."

Treasures of Olden Times

Historic Silver of the Colonies and Its Makers. By Francis Hill Bigelow. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6 net.

Furniture of the Olden Time. By Frances Clary Morse. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6 net.

Rings for the Finger. By George Frederick Kunz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $6.50 net.

Interior Decoration for Modern Needs. By Agnes Foster Wright. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.25 net.

MR. BIGELOW'S book is, from the viewpoint of this time and country, the most significant of these four additions to the stupendous list of collectors' handbooks. The beauty and dignity of American colonial silverwork have of late been appreciated as not previously. Mr. E. Alfred Jones's big book on "The Old Silver of American Churches," issued in a limited edition, is already too rare and costly for most collectors to possess. It does not cover convivial and domestic silver. The catalogues of the American silver exhibitions shown at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in 1906, and at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, in 1911, are not easily accessible to everybody. Accounts of colonial silver in the general manuals for collectors of antiques are fragmentary and unsatisfactory. A place evidently exists for such a work as Mr. Bigelow has compiled.

The author has had chances to see and know colonial silver. Following a suggestion from Mr. R. T. Haines Halsey, of

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New York, he arranged the first large loan exhibition of silver pieces in this country, that at the Boston Museum. Thence came important developments. Mr. Halsey's scholarly catalogue fell under the eyes of the foremost British authority on old plate. It so aroused his interest that he came to America and began researches leading up to his monumental church silver book.

The present author worked with Mr. Jones in his study of the communion services of Massachusetts churches. In further research he has had help from, among others, the late George M. Curtis, of Meriden; Mr. Charles James Jackson, F.S.A., of London; Miss Florence V. Paull, curator of Western arts at the Boston Museum, and a most competent photographer, the late William Stone, of Boston.

The resultant book is historical rather than broadly critical. Its minutiæ are unrelieved by pregnant generalizations, by projection of backgrounds. The development of design, the evolution of technical processes, as these might have been traced by a professional silversmith, are not considered. The documents, on the other hand, which accompany the pictures of individual pieces—chalices, beakers, baptismal basins, punch bowls, and other articles for church, home, or tavern—are copious and well selected. The biographies of makers and owners have been collated with painstaking thoroughness. Many of the works described have sentimental as well as artistic interest, such as the Arnold Collins chocolate pot, presented to Daniel Updike, of Newport, by Dean Berkeley; the John Coney basin at Marblehead in which Agnes Surriage was baptized; the Edward Milne beaker made for General Washington in 1777; the punch bowl given by Governor John Wentworth, of New Hampshire, to Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, founder of Dartmouth College, whose bibulous propensities are celebrated in college doggerel. The richness of the Roman Catholic and Jewish silver may surprise if one has been accustomed to think of the colonists as being either Anglican churchmen or Puritan dissenters. The book is tastefully made and beautifully illustrated. (An obvious typographical error on page 322 is "John Simbert" for "John Smibert.")

"What our great-grandfathers bought and valued (1750–1790); what our grandfathers despised and neglected (1790–1820); what our fathers utterly forgot (1820–1850), we value, restore, and copy," wrote Heaton, as quoted by Miss Morse in this new edition of her popular book of 1902.

Now, as before, one is impressed by the evidences of regard for the civilized arts among the colonists, and especially among the Puritans, supposed to be foes of the beautiful. Since the appearance of the first edition, many old houses have been restored and appropriately furnished by societies interested in the preservation of antiquities. Miss Morse has drawn upon these informal museums of colonial arts and crafts for much supplementary material. The recent publication of Messrs. Cousins and Riley's biography of Samuel McIntire, Salem wood-carver and designer, has furnished many of the data that are embodied in a new chapter on Doorways, Mantels, and Stairs. These additions have strengthened one of the standard manuals of American colonial furniture.

Dr. Kunz's book of the ring is based on much antiquarian industry. Collecting old jewelry is a popular pastime in the museums and among private collectors. Henceforth no one will describe an ancient signet ring or betrothal ring without consulting this monograph of 380 pages, replete with lore, superstitions, and historical facts. The author "aims to offer in attractive and convenient form everything that is of importance and interest in regard to finger-rings, from the fabled ring of Prometheus down to the latest productions of the goldsmiths and jewellers of our day."

The disclaiming phrase "of importance" probably discredits at the outset any censure of omissions of easily ascertained discoveries concerning rings and ring lore. Not everything, obviously, that has been printed on the subject of old rings could be included, even in so great a compilation as this one.

Proper proportion, for example, may have necessitated somewhat limiting the space given to thumb rings, which for generations have hugely entertained English antiquarians. Dr. Kunz gives considerable information about the curious custom of wearing the wedding ring on the thumb, and adopts the explanation that it "may have some connection with the old fancy that the second joint of the thumb was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, whose supposed espousal ring is preserved in the Cathedral of Perugia." He makes no reference to the plausible theory that the custom was of Celtic, perhaps Druidical, origin, the common Welsh word for ring being *modrwy* from *mod*, the thumb, and *rhwy*, a band. In his quotation of literary allusions to the thumb ring, including the famous one from Hudibras, it seems odd that he did not refer to Chaucer's Cambuscan:

> Upon his thombe he had of gold a ring,

or again to Canace's wedding ring:

> The vertu of this ryng, if ye wol heere,
> Is this, that who so lust it for to were
> Upon hir thomb, or in hir purs to bere,
> There is no foul that fleeth under the heven,
> That she ne schal understonden his steven.

If the lore of old English rings could have been pursued exhaustively, the list of "posies" would have been expanded to several times the present length. It might well have included some of the punning posies which were common before the Reformation. A classic example was the gold ring unearthed at Widdington in 1771, with the mystifying inscription "Debilesvidesvitaani," which has since been interpreted as a pun on the name Debles or DeBlois: "Debiles es; vides vitam nomine ipsius." A particularly good list of ring posies to which Dr. Kunz does not refer is that edited from the Fabric Rolls of York Minster by Rev. James Raine for the Surtees Society.

Lacunæ like the foregoing, which might appall an insular antiquarian, are venial when the international scope of Dr. Kunz's book is considered. It undertakes to cover the rings of all races. If some of the multitudinous discussions and descriptions in British antiquarian journals have been neglected, such oversight, whether intentional or otherwise, was perhaps fortunate, for the ring book is ponderous as it is.

A little more, possibly, is claimed for Mrs. Wright's interior decoration book than the facts warrant. In proclaiming "the sane middle path between the desk-from-a-packing-box idea and strictly period interiors," the author tacitly assumes that all or most works in this field belong to one or the other of these extremes. Most, however, of the recent "house and home" books, it may be safely asserted, are quite as practical and direct as the one under review, and are animated by about the same general ideas. With this qualification the manual may be commended as one written in a lively way (marred by some affectations such as the persistent use of the subjunctive "it were"). Mrs. Wright has previously edited interior decoration departments for three

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magazines. She writes primarily for women, with sidelong glances at the surroundings men care for. Like most writers of her school, she holds no brief for the exquisite and unique, impossible to be attained by the home-maker of Harlem or Fostoria. The practical problem is to teach to utilize as artistically as may be the stuffs purchasable at any department store, not to arouse longings for antique velours and Moravian tiled floors. The specific advice, within these premises, is usually admirable.

New Light on Audubon

Audubon the Naturalist. By Francis Hobart Herrick. 2 vols. New York: Appleton & Company. $7.50.

DR. HERRICK has achieved an excellent piece of work in these two volumes. His style has lent to a biography much of the charm of an autobiography. Not only has he reviewed and completely rewritten that portion of the life of Audubon with which the granddaughters of the great ornithologist have made us acquainted, but the origin, the immediate ancestral family, the antecedents, and the early life of the man have been studied and presented in detail. The author pursued his investigations in vain in both England and the United States, but finally in Nantes and the little commune of Couëron, by the aid of a retired notary, a thousand and one interesting details of the early life of Audubon were revealed. War had already broken out before these were verified and photographed, but with remarkable persistence the research was continued until the whole life of the naturalist stood out in clear relief. All letters and documents have been reproduced exactly in form and substance. Five appendices are devoted to the reproduction of original documents, Audubon's early drawings, the list of subscribers, and the prospectuses of the "Birds of America," a list of authentic likenesses, and finally a fully annotated bibliography.

The intimate, autobiographic character is well indicated by two short passages, one from Audubon and the other from the journal of Sir Walter Scott, each giving his version of their first meeting. Three months after reaching Edinburgh, the long-awaited opportunity of meeting the greatest literary figure of the day came to Audubon unexpectedly, for he did not wish to be introduced in a crowd. Under date of January 22, 1827, he wrote that Captain Hall came to his rooms and said: "Put on your coat, and come with me to Sir Walter Scott; he wishes to see you now." "In a moment," said Audubon, "I was ready. . . . My heart trembled; I longed for the meeting, yet wished it over." When they were ushered into Sir Walter's study, the great Scot came forward, and warmly pressing the hand of his visitor, said he was glad to have the honor of meeting him. Audubon's record of the meeting continues:

> His long, loose, silvery locks struck me; he looked like Franklin at his best. He also reminded me of Benjamin West; he had the great benevolence of William Roscoe about him, and a kindness most prepossessing. I could not forbear looking at him; my eyes feasted on his countenance. I watched his movements as I would those of a celestial being; his long, heavy, white eyebrows struck me forcibly. His little room was tidy, though it partook a good deal of the character of a laboratory. He was wrapped in a quilted morning gown of light purple silk; he had been at work writing on the "Life of Napoleon." He writes close lines, rather curved as they go from left to right, and puts an immense deal on very little paper. . . . I talked little, but, believe me, I listened and observed.

On the next page we read:

> Shortly after their first interview the great Scotsman wrote this handsome tribute in his journal: January 22 (1827).—A visit from Basil Hall with Mr. Audubon, the ornithologist, who has followed that pursuit by many a long wandering in the American forests. He is an American by naturalization, a Frenchman by birth; but less of a Frenchman than I have ever seen—no dash, or glimmer, or shine about him, but great simplicity of manners and behaviour; slight in person, and plainly dressed; wears long hair, which time has not yet tinged; his countenance acute, handsome, and interesting, but still simplicity is the predominant characteristic.

Much of the work is as fascinating as these quotations, and the illustrations are abundant and well chosen. With the cross references of the very thorough index, little is left to be desired in the make-up of this important contribution to biographical literature.

Notes

"OVER There," by Ethel M. Kelley, is announced for publication next month by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Small, Maynard & Company announce for publication shortly "Covered with Mud and Glory," translated by Edwin Gile Rich, and others.

The forthcoming publications of the Macmillan Company are announced as follows: "Ambulance 464," by Julien H. Bryan; "The Flying Teuton," by Alice Brown; "The Lost Fruits of Waterloo," by John Spencer Bassett; "War-Time Control of Industry," by Howard L. Gray.

Among the spring publications of the Princeton University Press are: "A B C of the Federal Reserve System," by Edwin Walter Kemmerer; "Financing the War," by A. Barton Hepburn; and "The Letters of B. Stuart Walcott."

IN his "Rebuilding of Europe" (Century; $1.50) Dr. David Jayne Hill insists upon the necessity of abandoning not only the historical idea of sovereignty under which a state has been accorded an absolute right of self-determination as against other states, but also of the imperialistic ambitions, based in the main upon a struggle for trade advantages, which have been the fruitful source of unjust and profitless wars. The present war, if it is to achieve anything of value for human welfare, must end the dominance of both autocracy and imperialism, and democracy in some form must ultimately prevail. Dr. Hill rejects at once the plan of a "superstate" of world scope, organized with "not only an international legislature and an international judiciary, but also an international executive in command of armies and navies or at least controlling such an armed force as would constitute an effective international police." Such a state "would imply the sudden annihilation of all the national characteristics that differentiate, for example, Turkey from Switzerland, or France from the German Empire," and would be a hopeless attempt to combine in one organization absolute and constitutional systems (p. 177). The most that could reasonably be hoped for, he thinks, "in the form of an international organization fit to legislate and exercise judicial functions," would be "a strong, but limited, group of powers, each willing to sacrifice something of its own sovereignty for the purpose of insuring peace and equity, thus constituting a coherent force, not upon the principle of the balance of power, but a nucleus for the ultimate union of all responsible and socially inclined nations" (p. 187).

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Such an international organization, Dr. Hill points out, would not necessarily be either a federation or an alliance, but would comprise such states only as chose to join it, and would not be empowered to interfere in the purely internal concerns of any state. The crux of the matter would be, rather, the willingness of the conference which represented such a union to "submit to any decisions in the nature of general laws which after full discussion the large majority is willing to accept and agrees to observe" (p. 192). In this way the inherent difficulties which have balked international conferences hitherto, namely, voluntary adhesion on the one hand or compulsory adhesion on the other, would be surmounted. It is through just such acceptance of "decisions in the nature of general laws" that international law has come to have such force as it possesses. There would be needed, of course, an international tribunal and means of enforcing its judgments. No nation, Dr. Hill thinks, would go to war for such an abstraction as peace, but the nations composing the conference might properly join in preserving for the time being the *status quo*, or even in defining the conditions under which war was to be held justifiable. The weak point in Dr. Hill's otherwise moderate and sensible proposals is the apparent assumption that government can, in some way, avoid concerning itself very much with business. National scramble for trade and business profits, supported by armies and navies, inevitably leads to economic imperialism and war. Dr. Hill would meet the difficulty by provision for an international conference of business men to organize the world on business lines. International organization, in other words, is to be realized through the harmonious working of two world agencies, the one political, the other economic; and each is to keep out of the other's way. We fear that such a division of social activities is to-day less than ever to be looked for. Whether we like it or not, we are to-day merging rather than differentiating social functions, and we still think that it is the union of political and economic interests under joint control that will most conduce to peace.

TO understand what is going on in France, Colonel Cornelis De Witt Willcox's "French-English Military Technical Dictionary" (Harper; $4) will be a valuable help to the general reader as well as to the student of military affairs. Colonel Willcox has added to his original five hundred pages of careful compilation an appendix of seventy-five pages made up largely of words newly come into use—so fast does war build language. The definitions are amazingly full, and as they stand give a suggestive picture of modern warfare. Though a technical dictionary, the pages of this work are more readable and intelligent than those of some recent war books.

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DITCHFIELD'S well-known and useful little manual of the "Cathedrals of Great Britain" (Dutton; $1.75) has been issued in a third edition, revised and enlarged. The manual, which now includes brief accounts of the newly appointed cathedrals of the five new sees, is valuable in its concise presentation of the architectural and ecclesiastical history of the fifty-one cathedrals of Great Britain, and its brief but intelligent descriptions of the buildings. There are a number of clever sketches by Herbert Railton and other artists, and a few very inferior half-tones of interiors. It is to be regretted that so few plans were included, and those only of some of the best-known cathedrals. Despite these slight defects, the book is the best and most complete of all one-volume historical and critical guide-books of the British cathedrals.

EIGHT years ago A. S. and P. P. Calvert, the authors of "A Year of Costa Rican Natural History" (Macmillan; $3 net), landed at Limon, Costa Rica, and for a year they travelled about the country or carried on their researches from some favorable headquarters. The object of the twelve months' sojourn was a study of dragon-flies with reference to their seasonal distribution. Although seven years have passed, they write: "Our investigations have not yet been completed, and what we here set forth are chiefly our more incidental observations recorded in our diary." The volume may be described as a geographic and superficially faunal Baedeker of Costa Rica, and as such is a very valuable piece of work. The crudities of first-hand diary entries are avoided by careful rewriting, but there is no attempt at literary style. It would be too much to expect that two entomologists should have equal interest in divisions of the fauna far removed from their particular objects of research, and we find few and meagre notes on vertebrates, even birds. Notes are painstakenly recorded on scenery, houses, villages, human life, and manners, but the reader senses relief where the subject changes abruptly from a native election to the rearing of live dragon-flies, and throughout one feels the enhancement of interest conveyed by the presence of dragon-flies or their larvæ, in any valley or stream. Many photographic illustrations are inserted, chiefly of plants and insects. The general material consists, on the whole, of facts of identification and distribution, but occasionally there is a discussion of habits or structure of organisms. The intensive research of the authors was very evidently confined to the dragon-flies, and the notes on these creatures are abundant and full. The transformation of the giant forest dragon-flies was worked out. The eggs are deposited in the water confined between the pineapple-like leaves of the bromelias which cling to the trunks of forest trees. Other species of these insects were found only in the immediate vicinity of waterfalls. In the last chapter is an exciting description of the earthquake which almost wiped out Cartago, the city where the authors did much of their work. The entire city was wrecked, several hundred people were

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killed, but the collections and journals of the authors were safely excavated, and even one very rare larva still remained alive under the fallen débris.

ISLANDS, especially those washed by the Spanish Main, have always had a fascination for the treasure-seeker. But the day of the buccaneer has paled to that of the business investor, and the Virgin Islands now offer scope for American imagination and American capital. Luther K. Zabriskie presents in a stout volume, in the nature of a glorified consular report, "The Virgin Islands of the United States of America" (Putnam; $4), a considerable body of statistics, together with information concerning labor and agricultural conditions, transportation facilities, and other facts of interest to the business man. The traveller (by sea or by imagination) will enjoy the many photographs showing these most recent possessions of the United States. It is desirable for Americans to learn as much as possible about these newly acquired islands, and Mr. Zabriskie's book will be serviceable in this respect.

"THE Psychology of Behaviour," by Elizabeth Severn (Dodd, Mead; $1.50), is not, as the title might suggest, a treatise on psychology from the "behavioristic standpoint," but a popular setting forth of facts and fancies concerning the powers of the soul and the philosophy of life, such as might be addressed to the members of a country woman's club, as a general guide to health and happiness. The author, we are informed, is a successful practitioner of "Psycho-therapy and Mental Science." She herself describes her point of view as frankly "metaphysical." This seems to be one in which difficult questions are settled offhand by a resounding phrase. The author calls it intuition. She declares that much of her own knowledge has come to her in sleep. We are not disposed to dispute the statement. Special attention is directed (by the publishers) to the chapter on sex, and this is, in fact, somewhat remarkable. Sex, we are told, is not a mere anatomical distinction, or a state of mind, but a "discarnate thing," an "Abstract Principle," a "universal creative Force." Further illustrations are too numerous to quote, but it would be a pity to withhold from any one the illuminating and inspiring information that the sensation of physical contact arises from the stimulus of harmonious vibrations, and, where the sex-element—the abstract principle, namely—in it is strong, may be "exceedingly invigourating (*sic*) and salubrious." The affectation of what is supposed to be English spelling is matched by an elementary ignorance of Latin, as in the talk about "a" strata, and by a style that would disgrace a sophomore. Split infinitives are scattered through the pages like hairpins on the campus of a woman's college.

THE attention of the library world has been centred on library work with children for well over a quarter of a century. This compilation of papers and addresses, "Library Work with Children," by Alice I. Hazeltine (Wilson; $1.50), is significant, measuring professional zeal and conscientiousness. It is to be commended to the person specially interested in library work as it applies to children, as well as to the teacher. But we ask ourselves after reading it: Have the years of experiment with the Child and his Book clarified any better the sure way of bringing the best book to the young mind?

Music

"The Golden Cock"

By HENRY T. FINCK

SHORTLY before the war began in Europe a curious experiment was made in Paris with a modified Russian opera, "Le Coq d'Or," the thirteenth and last stage work of Rimsky-Korsakov. This eminent composer, who ranks in Russia as second only to Tchaikovsky, died in 1908, a year after completing his final operatic score. Owing to delays caused by the censor, who found dangerous satire in the libretto (which was made by V. Bielsky after a famous poem by Pushkin), the composer never heard it, and when at last it was produced, it failed to win approval sufficient to start it on a European tour. In all probability it would never have been heard outside of Russia had not Michael Fokine, of the Ballet Russe, conceived the bold but happy thought of converting the score into a sort of operatic pantomime, a genre which was originated in Italy more than three centuries ago. Probably the fact that in the second act the Princess has one of the longest and most difficult vocal parts in existence, while she is expected at the same time to be a consummate actress and an agile dancer, suggested to M. Fokine the advisability of a division of labor by which all the artists in the cast would benefit. So he devised a double cast; one, of dancers, who mimed the parts; the other, of singers who took from them their vocal functions, seated on platforms on both sides of the stage in terra-cotta garments, undistinguishable from the choristers.

Strange to say, the experiment succeeded very well. To be sure, only three performances were given in Paris, but that was because Rimsky-Korsakov's son invoked the international copyright law to prevent this "perversion" of his father's work. In London, where there was no law to stop the performances, the outbreak of the war ended them. I do not know who persuaded Mr. Gatti-Casazza to import the score for the Metropolitan Opera House. Perhaps it was his new French conductor, Pierre Monteux, who had directed the performances of "Le Coq d'Or" in Paris and London. However that may be, by securing also the services of M. Bolm, of the Ballet Russe, the Metropolitan's manager insured a performance for New York audiences which, while it doubtless fell short of those given abroad on the terpsichorean side, probably surpassed them to the same degree on the vocal side, especially on the part of the Princess, as sung by Mme. Barrientos. The King's part was acted here, as in Paris and London, by M. Bolm, who achieves with it a memorably grotesque and yet realistic impersonation.

Partly grotesque and entirely fantastic is the action of the opera. King Dodon is an aged, indolent monarch, more enamoured of naps and table delicacies than of war. An astrologer makes him a present of a Golden Cock which is guaranteed to flap its wings and crow whenever danger threatens. The first time the bird sounds its warning the King sends his two sons to meet the enemy. The second time he himself goes on the warpath. He finds his two sons dead, but instead of a victorious army there appears before him a beautiful maiden, the Queen of Shemakman, who promptly announces her intention of conquering him with her charms. She succeeds in short order; the King capitulates and takes her home as his bride. But on his

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arrival the astrologer presents himself to ask for the promised reward for the Golden Cock. When Dodon understands that this reward is to be nothing less than his bride, he murderously smites the astrologer with his sceptre; whereupon the Cock descends on his royal pate and pecks him to death. The Astrologer announces that the whole play is a mere delirium, a dream, a spectre, the only living people in it being the Queen and himself.

This idea of unreality, of Alice in Wonderland, is admirably carried out in the scenery, which looks like enlarged pasteboard toys; and also, as far as possible, in the music. It is not easy for a composer to be witty or humorous, yet Rimsky-Korsakov has succeeded in both these things. His orchestral score is a clever commentary on the action, and the mock grief over the King's death is one of the finest things in all operadom. As a colorist this composer had no superior in Russia, and the influence of folksong is agreeably felt. A special *tour de force* is the song of the Princess, which fills nearly the whole of the second act. It is a unique proclamation of modern Russian *bel canto,* quaintly charming in its exotic melodic intervals, and Mme. Barrientos sang it beautifully.

Drama

The Book of Job

MR. STUART WALKER has made an interesting experiment in presenting a dramatic version of the Book of Job at the Booth Theatre. He has not attempted to make a play of Job's trials. Such free and imaginative handling of his material as Oscar Wilde gave to the story of Salome, even such primitive dramatic construction as the old mysteries and miracles developed, is lacking in this version. This is drama at its simplest, essentially a mere combination of narrative and dialogue, with scenery, costume, and lighting to lend it warmth and life. In an incense-laden atmosphere and a hushed darkness, the curtain rises to disclose what might be a painting by an old master in the form of a triptych, the central division showing a characteristic Oriental scene outside a village in the land of Uz, with bare rounded hills and a few melancholy trees in the background, and in the foreground a raised platform with steps rising to it. On either side of the stage are two domed niches in which, in the attitude and the draperies of mediæval saints, the two actresses who serve as Narrators stand immovable. The light falls upon them as they repeat in turn the opening chapters of the Book of Job to the point where Job begins to curse the day wherein he was born, when they are shrouded in darkness and the light falls on him lying crouched against the foot of the platform. His lamentations in the immortal words that have touched every anguished heart, the sophistical reproval of his three comforters and their pharisaical argument on the problem of good and evil and its punishment, the impassioned exhortation of the young philosopher Elihu, lead up to the climax when, amid storm and lightning, the Voice out of the Whirlwind challenges human philosophy and Job bends in submission to God. Then the light fades once more into darkness on the stage, the impersonal voices of the Narrators take up the story of Job's latter end, and the curtain falls. Accompanying music on the organ, arranged by Elliott Schenck, emphasizes the religious character of the performance, although not always its artistic beauty. Influenced by the words and the atmosphere, the actors, too, adopted perhaps involuntarily a sort of monotonous intoning in reading their lines, tedious but reminiscent of the chanting in the Catholic Church.

The production deserves recognition as an interesting effort, reverential in spirit, picturesque in setting, and adequate in declamatory achievement, but it can hardly be called drama even in the widest connotation of the word.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Walker in his artistic labor of love did not go a step further and give a really authentic production of the Book of Job as a mediæval liturgical drama, with actors dressed as priests, instead of feminine saints, to tell the story; or in the form of the old French mysteries with the stage on a platform before a church.

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Finance

The Markets and the War News

A GLANCE at the stock market, either of last week or of the three or four preceding weeks, would give the impression that the financial community was paying no attention to the day's momentous occurrences in Eastern Europe. Russia is delivered into the enemy's hands by the treacherous usurpers of Petrograd. Her army disbands, leaving its munitions for the Germans. Her territory is carved up into four or more separate states, according to the whim of Berlin. Rumania surrenders. The German army overruns Russia and demands that Rumania give it free right of transit. Purely on the face of things, the course of events appears to repeat the achievements of Napoleon. Yet the Stock Exchange is unmoved. Not unnaturally, people are asking whether the stock market has lost its traditional power of reflecting and interpreting events.

Wall Street answers the question in various ways. One explanation is that the stock market not only has reflected developments in Eastern Europe, but that it foreshadowed them; that the great decline in prices during November and December, when the political and moral collapse of Russia had already become unmistakable, expressed the financial community's expectation of precisely the series of events which followed. According to another theory, the Stock Exchange is like the rest of the community in being wholly unable to predict the outcome of these political events, whether for good or bad, and is therefore merely giving attention to favorable developments nearer home—the plans to protect railway dividends under Government operation, and the programme for safeguarding industrial credit. Back of these two explanations comes the vague idea that prices have moved up because of present or prospective "inflation."

There is doubtless a certain amount of truth in each ex-

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planation—although the "inflation theory" is being pressed somewhat absurdly far when newspapers try to draw parallels with the fiat money régime of the Civil War. In so complex an organism as the stock market, movements are always influenced by more than one cause; which often makes it difficult to determine which is the real controlling factor. Prices advanced on the New York Stock Exchange during some of the most disheartening episodes of the Virginia campaigns of the War of Secession, and the greatest speculating and promoting "boom" which England witnessed in the Napoleonic conflict occurred in the very year when Russia, deserting the Allies, went over to the enemy, and when Prussia was dismembered by Napoleon.

These incidents of other wars, especially that of 1807, present some analogies with to-day. The action of the financial markets on those two occasions was then ascribed to the great rise of industrial prices and industrial profits, and to depreciated currencies. But it is also possible that the steadiness of the markets, in face of the discouraging war news of those days, equally reflected underlying financial belief in regard to the longer results of the two conflicts. Nothing that Germany has achieved—certainly not what the Kaiser characteristically describes as the "glorious page in the history of the German army" in which it has triumphed over the Russian army's "overwhelming superiority of numbers"—will bear comparison with Napoleon's Continental victories. Yet the historians tell us that, at the climax of his career, French Government bonds declined at Paris on every news of victory and recovered whenever general peace seemed to be in sight or when the French army met with reverses. The stock exchanges even of that day foresaw the end correctly.

The one market which to-day seems to be an unfettered measure of the real fluctuations in Germany's fortunes is the market for German exchange and German currency on European neutral markets. It is therefore a matter of considerable significance that these quotations of German currency, which touched low ebb at the time of last year's German successes in the East, and which recovered sharply when the German delegates at Brest-Litovsk were talking of a "general peace," should have been declining rapidly again since the army cabal took both Germany and Russia by the throat and unfolded its programme of mediæval conquest.

The attitude which all financial markets have maintained without interruption since the beginning of the war is that Germany is bound to be ultimately defeated, and that therefore every German victory is a matter of financial importance only because it is likely to prolong the war. This was the attitude while the German Chancellors were protesting their own honest purposes and their heartfelt wish for peace. The general inference will hardly have been changed by Germany's new defiance of the civilized world.

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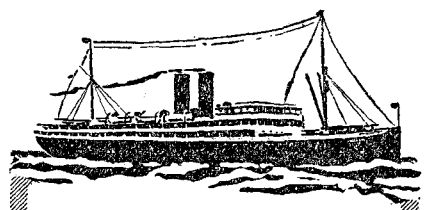

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Summary of the News

A DANGEROUS new international question has developed during the past week on the subject of Japan's intervention in Siberia. The United States has thus far held back her assent to the project, and differences of opinion among the Allies as well as in this country as to the consequences for Russia are strongly marked. Lord Robert Cecil, in England, pointed out the danger of Germany's menace to the Entente possessions in the Far East, and strongly urged Japanese intervention in Russia, declaring that Japan would carry out her obligations with fidelity. French interests in China and British concern over India and China determine this desire for Japanese aid, while representatives of the Kerensky faction, the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, and Russians and Socialists in this country are vigorously opposing it. The situation can be cleared apparently only by Japan's definite statement of her intentions, or by Russia's formally inviting her assistance.

RUSSIA, since the peace treaty with the Central Powers was signed, has moved its capital to Moscow. Leon Trotzky, Bolshevist Commissioner of Foreign Affairs, has resigned, leaving Lenine as the only remaining member of the Bolshevist triumvirate in control. The peace with the Central Powers is reported to have caused the growth of two movements to oust the Bolsheviki, one in the east under Prince Lvov, ex-President of Ministers of the first revolutionary government; the other in the south, aiming at a counter-revolution, with the Don Cossacks as the basis of its army. United States Ambassador David R. Francis has expressed the hope that the Russians would not ratify the treaty of peace on March 12, when a grand council of Russians is called.

RUMANIA has signed a preliminary peace treaty with the Central Powers, providing for the cession of the Dobrudja as far as the Danube and portions of the Rumanian frontier bordering on Austria-Hungary; the transport of troops of the Central Powers through Moldavia and Bessarabia to Odessa; and the demobilization of eight divisions of the Rumanian army, the rest to be demobilized as soon as peace is restored between Russia and Rumania.

FINLAND, too, has signed a treaty of peace with Germany, by which she agrees to cede no territory without the consent of Germany, and to remove the fortifications on the Aland Island as soon as possible. Indemnities on both sides are renounced. It is unofficially reported that the Finnish Government has asked the German Emperor to appoint his fifth son, Prince Oscar, King of Finland. German forces have occupied the Aland Islands temporarily, and there is a possibility of disagreement between Sweden and Germany as to the final protectorate over them.

THE food situation in England, according to Lord Reading, British High Commissioner to the United States, is as serious at present as it has been at any time since the war began, although rationing by the card system of meat, butter, and sugar has put an end to unjust discrimination against the poor. Heroic

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efforts will be necessary to produce a plentiful crop in the United States, and a farm measure redrafted in Congress will provide money to be advanced for seed and labor.

THE submarine continues its destruction at the usual rate. Up to March 6 eighteen British merchantmen were sunk by mines or submarines, twelve over 1,600 tons, six under, the total the same as in the preceding week. One of the most serious losses was that of the British armed mercantile cruiser Calgarian, of 15,515 tons, off the Irish coast. Of the 610 persons aboard, 20 officers and 46 men were lost. Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty, announced that submarine destruction was declining steadily, that the loss to the world's tonnage in February, 1918, was little more than half that of February, 1917, and that submarines were being destroyed in increasing numbers. At the same time, he admitted the serious drop in shipbuilding, owing to labor unrest and strike difficulties. In the House of Commons Commander Carlyon Bellairs gave 70,000 tons as the average weekly submarine loss in January, and 80,000 tons weekly in February. Sir John Ellerman declared that the whole output of shipbuilding in Britain "did not equal the losses by marine causes alone, leaving losses by enemy action yet to be made up."

THE Lloyd George Government is again being attacked, largely because of the failure of the shipbuilding programme and the dissatisfaction of labor with the manpower programme. The unfortunate way in which Admiral Sir John Jellicoe and Gen. Sir William Robertson were removed has caused a storm to burst over Sir Eric Geddes and Lord Derby, heads of the navy and the army. Criticism is also severe because the Premier has enlisted the services of Lord Northcliffe and other newspaper proprietors; and, lastly, the Moderates, strongly opposed to the policy of a military "knockout blow," are now working openly against its advocates.

GERMAN air raiders attacked London and Paris during the week. In London eleven were killed and forty-six wounded on the night of March 7, and considerable damage was done in the residential district, especially in the northwestern part of the city. On the night of March 8 German aviators raided Paris in the greatest raid of the war there, "as a reprisal for the bombing of Treves, Mannheim, and Pirmasens on February 19," according to the Berlin report. In this attack thirteen were killed and fifty hurt. The British bombed the Daimler Motor Works in Stuttgart, and dropped bombs on Turcoing, killing a great many French civilians, as Berlin reports.

THE American Army in France now has troops in four sectors, in Champagne, the Chemin des Dames, Lorraine, and Alsace, occupying four and one-half miles in their principal sector. Artillery fighting has been very active in Upper Alsace, while in Lorraine the Germans were repulsed with the loss of prisoners. There was heavy shelling near Toul. With the clear weather, aerial scouting has grown more frequent, and the German planes have come over the American lines for purposes of photographic work. Secretary of War Baker has arrived in France, where he will make an important tour of military inspection and conference with Gen. Pershing.

THE French report lively activity south of the Rhine-Marne Canal in the Thann valley, many raids by the Germans in Lorraine, and heavy gunfire at Verdun. On the British front the Australians conducted a successful raid south of St. Quentin. Sharp fighting near Lens and east of Ypres and raids along the Somme are reported. On the Mesopotamian front the British have occupied Hit, eighty miles west of Bagdad, and have pushed their advance in Palestine two miles. On the Italian front patrols have taken the offensive in the Trentino and have routed hostile attacks in the Asiago Plateau. There has been intermittent increase of artillery activity between Lake Garda and the Astico.

THE death of John Redmond, Irish Nationalist leader, on March 6, is considered a disaster in British political circles, in view of present developments in Ireland. Redmond, who had been leader of the Irish party in the House of Commons for twenty-five years, since Parnell's death, upheld the British Government in the war and strongly supported the Irish Convention since its organization in July, 1917. Since 1914, when he unconditionally pledged Ireland's aid to England during the war without demanding self-government for Ireland at once, he lost prestige and failed to command Irish sentiment. The Irish Revolution of 1916 and the growing power of the Sinn Fein party emphasized this division, although Redmond never ceased to fight for Ireland by opposing conscription, demanding Home Rule, and attacking Lord Lansdowne and others whom he suspected of using the war as a cloak for anti-Irish schemes.

DISORDER in Ireland has been quieted, according to English reports, but on March 6 600 Sinn Feiners seized the town of Kiltomagh in County Mayo, and on March 7 the Sinn Fein Food Controller was arrested. The military authorities in Dublin have posted a proclamation prohibiting the holding of meetings and processions between March 16 and 27, and special measures have been taken in County Clare for troops to assist the police.

IN the United States important events of the week were the sweeping victory of the Democrats in the New York elections of March 5 in every district, making the House of Representatives Democratic with a lead of 3; the legal victory of the picketing members of the National Woman's Party, by the decision of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia that the picketing of the White House was legal and that peaceable assembly is not in itself unlawful; the condemnation of Senator Robert M. La Follette for his stand on the war by the Wisconsin Legislature; and the indictment of Victor L. Berger, former Congressman from Wisconsin; Adolph Germer, national secretary of the Socialist Party, and three other Socialists for interfering with the prosecution of the war.

THE deaths of Hubert Howe Bancroft, whose histories of Mexico and California are monuments of historical research, and of George von L. Meyer, former Ambassador to Italy and to Russia, Postmaster-General under President Roosevelt, and Secretary of the Navy under Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, were reported.

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